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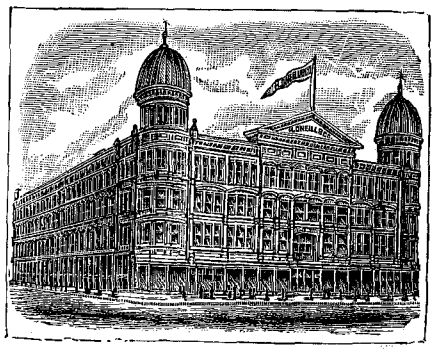

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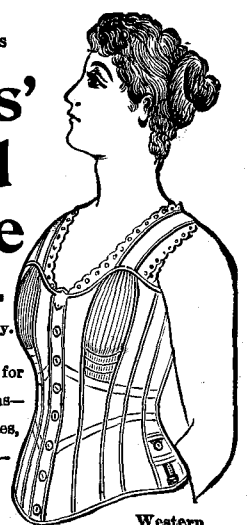

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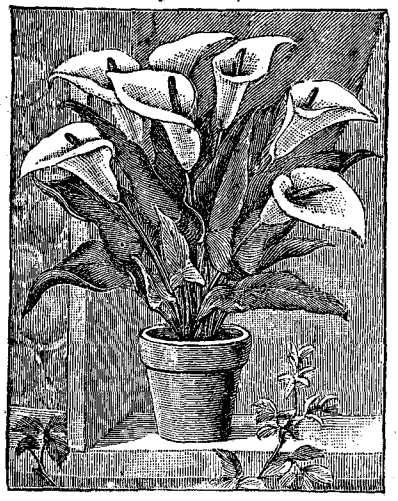

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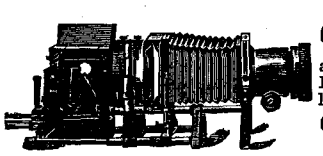

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Volume 49 For Week ending 3 March, 1894 Number 9

The Week

THE Republican majority in Pennsylvania has kept growing ever since the returns began to come in, and at last accounts had reached the figure of 187,000. This is fifty-two thousand greater than the majority last November, which was then high-water mark. Last week's overflow submerged the Democratic party in all but thirteen counties in the State. The State election was only for Congressman-at-large, and the Republicans did not expect again to secure such a majority as that of the more general election in November. The Republican candidate, Galusha A. Grow, was for twelve years a member of the House of Representatives, and during his last term (1861–63) was the Speaker of that body. The Democratic platform indorsed the National Administration at all points. Pennsylvania's immemorial opposition to free-trade principles, united with the dissatisfaction everywhere produced by the stagnation of business, were, of course, the immediate causes of the Democracy's overwhelming defeat. In the South and West this second factor seems to be powerfully aiding the Populists. In Alabama the contest between the united "Jeffersonian Democrats" and Populists on the one hand, and the regular Democratic organization on the other, is one in which both parties oppose the anti-silver policy of the Administration. In Georgia also, where the Populists claim to have made tremendous gains, the correspondent of the New York "Times" admits that the regular Democracy will probably indorse the free-coinage attitude of Senator Colquitt, as opposed to the doubtful attitude of Senator Gordon. In the same way, from Oregon comes the prediction from anti-Cleveland Democrats that two-thirds of their party will support the Populists in the June election. The success of the Democratic party in 1892 was without parallel since its victory in 1852. It now appears not improbable that its defeat in the elections of 1894 will bear some resemblance to its defeat in 1854.

❀

In the House of Representatives the whole of last week was consumed in debating and filibustering against the Bland Bill to coin the $55,000,000 of seigniorage authorized by the Sherman Act upon the bullion purchased under its provisions. The debate was of little interest to any one. The filibustering was of the greatest interest, and also of the greatest political importance. Had the Democratic party admitted the correctness of Speaker Reed's ruling that a quorum could not be broken by the refusal of members present to answer to their names, the filibustering would have been impossible. But since they had denounced Mr. Reed as a despot and a Czar for counting members present when no one denied their presence, they were unable to get a quorum in a House containing almost continuously two-thirds of all its elected members. That the Republicans would resort to what were formerly Democratic tactics, and break a quorum whenever it suited them by refusing to vote, the Democrats anticipated, but felt secure because of their great majority. When, however, the Eastern anti-silver Democrats joined the Republicans in breaking a quorum and preventing business, there was developed a bitterness such as the repeal debates of last fall failed to generate. Some of the Western and Southern Democrats are reported to favor the adoption of the Reed rule. Others have openly advocated the passage of a rule deducting $50 for each offense from the salary of any member who refuses to answer to his name on roll-call. To this the objection has been that the Treasury Department might pay the salaries provided by law, and refuse to make the ordered deduction. Still others are advocating the passage of a new law authorizing such deductions; while a fourth group, and a very numerous one, are advocating a variation of Mr. Reed's ruling, by which any member of the House may designate Representatives who are present and not voting, and the Speaker may thereupon count them as present. Last week members were arrested and brought to the bar of the House, but all to no effect. They were able practically to defy those who hoped to compel them to vote. On Friday Mr. Bland made a violent speech, comparing the filibusters to a mob of Anarchists. Toward the filibusters of his own party his language was especially bitter. The outcome of it all is by no means apparent, except that the rupture in the Democratic party is even more serious than before.

❀

In England the Government has announced its intention to persevere in the silver policy initiated last June—refusing either to reopen the mints to silver or to impose an import duty on silver. The result is that India will follow the policy which we pursued under the Bland Act, and which the Bland Seigniorage Bill proposes to revive. The Government will buy silver at its bullion value and issue it at its coin value, keeping for itself as seigniorage the difference between the two. That this policy should be demanded by the bankers in India and opposed by the bankers in America indicates no real difference of sentiment among the same class in the two countries. For India to coin silver at an artificial value is a step toward restricting the currency. For the United States to coin silver at an artificial value is a step toward expanding it. The money-lending classes have been at all times and in all places opposed to expanding the currency. Among the Indian people there is a strong agitation for the reopening of the mints, and last week the question was even discussed before the Bengal Chamber of Commerce—a body which for years has favored the change from a silver to a gold standard. Only sixteen members, however, voted in favor of reopening the mints, while sixty-nine voted against it. In Germany the silver question has been more prominent than ever before, because the Government has

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receded from its almost scornful attitude toward bimetallism at the time of the Brussels Conference, and has appointed a Currency Commission to consider the cause and remedies for the recent fall in the price of silver and other commodities, particularly agricultural products. It is not likely, however, that any radical action will be taken, for the Radical party in Germany is the party of debtless and creditless city laborers, who have not even begun to think upon the silver question, while the debtor farmers of Germany are so bound to the Conservative party that no important change is to be anticipated. However, the cause of bimetallism is admitted on all hands to be much stronger in Europe than it was before the recent universal fall in prices.

❀

The same is true of its position in the United States. The price of silver has fallen so rapidly since last June (from 83 cents an ounce to 60 cents an ounce), although the production of silver is no greater than a year ago, that it seems no longer possible to deny that governmental action can most powerfully affect the price of a commodity for which governmental action creates the largest demand. It seems singular that any one in this country should have doubted this, when, under the Bland Act, we saw that every dollar of silver coined immediately had the same value as a gold dollar. These dollars, we have frequently stated, were never redeemable in gold. Last week the Attorney-General rendered an opinion restating the Government's position regarding the silver certificates. He rightly holds that they are not even money in the sense that any creditor can be compelled to take them in discharge of a debt; they are simply certificates for a certain amount of coined silver, which the Government agrees to receive for public dues. Yet the fear that the free coinage of the present silver dollar, by several nations even, would result in a dollar not at par with gold is so widely prevalent that we most heartily welcome to our columns a remarkably clear letter from President Andrews, of Brown University, showing in what manner the world's uncoined silver bullion could be added to the currency without producing anything approaching inflation. Indeed, we quite agree with President Andrews in his opinion that it would not, in the long run, give to the world that expansion of its currency which its increasing commerce demands.

❀

The same point was, on Saturday last, put before the readers of the New York "Evening Post" by President Francis A. Walker, of the Institute of Technology. In reply to the "Post's" attempted ridicule of the idea that the Government can make silver circulate "above its market value," President Walker replies that no one proposes to make any commodity circulate "above its market value," but that bimetallism proposes to influence the market value itself. "That such an effect can be produced," he says, "and that to an enormous degree, no one but a bigot now denies. Lord Herschell's Gold and Silver Commission of 1886–'8, composed of six monometallists and six bimetallists, unanimously signed the proposition that it was the operation of the French law of 1803 which for seventy years maintained an approximate parity of gold and silver at the market ratio of 15 1-2 to 1. . . . Whenever law sets an economic force in motion, it can and will and must affect values. That the French law of 1803, by giving every debtor the option to pay in either metal indifferently, did set in motion an economic force of tremendous reach and scope is now freely admitted by every man on either side of the Atlantic whose opinion is entitled to the slightest consideration." Through President Andrews and General Walker the Bimetallic League of Boston is conducting a campaign of education which may bring the educated opinion of the East, outside of purely money centers, into harmony with the prevailing sentiment in the West and South.

❀

The fact that Senator White, of Louisiana, who was last week elevated to the vacant seat on the Supreme bench, is a Catholic has been most widely published. It is worth while to add that he is a Catholic whose religion has borne fruit in the unswerving integrity of his political life. This paper has had occasion to differ most radically with him in some of his political views, but even upon the question of the Anti-Option Bill, where our opposition was the strongest, we had occasion to express our conviction that he was not only the ablest opponent of that measure, but also a conscientious opponent. His opposition to this law, which aimed to prohibit the purely gambling transactions of the produce exchanges, did not arise from indifference to gambling, but from constitutional objections to the use of the power of taxation for the purpose of prohibition. In the Anti-Lottery campaign he was not only a consistent opponent of the Lottery Company, but he was, as the editor of the "New Delta" told our correspondent, the only rich man in Louisiana who contributed liberally to the Anti-Lottery cause, and he contributed thousands of dollars. He brings to the Supreme Court a fine reputation, not only as a lawyer, but also as a judge, having served for several years upon the Supreme bench of his State. His familiarity with the French civil code will almost certainly result in his presiding over the Circuit Court for the district embracing Louisiana, instead of the district embracing New York. Inasmuch as his associate in the Senate, Mr. Caffery, is from South Louisiana, it is believed that Governor Foster will appoint Senator White's successor from North Louisiana. As this is the free-trade and free-silver section of the State, the appointee may not follow in Senator White's footsteps, though it is likely that upon the tariff question he will do so, on the ground that Louisiana taken as a whole is in favor of either protection or a bounty to her own sugar-planters.

❀

The deadlock in the New Jersey Senate still continues, but there is every prospect of its being settled by a decision of the Supreme Court. This body is Democratic, six to three, and some of the more extreme Republicans were unwilling that it should be permitted to decide upon a partisan contest. The majority of the Republicans, however, have recognized that to refuse to submit to the Supreme Court the legal questions involved would be to make themselves responsible for the continuance of legislative anarchy. The situation in New Jersey this winter is analogous to that in Kansas a year ago, except that in Kansas the Supreme Court was politically Republican, while in New Jersey it is politically Democratic. The solution which the Republicans rightly urged and secured in Kansas is the one they clearly ought to accept in New Jersey. It is to be hoped, however, that the New Jersey Court will not, like that in Kansas, divide upon party lines. But any decision is better than no decision, for no decision means the continuance of the race-track legislation, the repeal of which neither party would now dare to refuse.

❀

We reported last week the progress of the agitation against the House of Lords, and the substance of the resolution adopted by the Federation of Liberal Clubs, which is the official caucus of the party, adding that the next step in the development of the programme would be the an-

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nouncement of Mr. Gladstone's position. It was anticipated, when the House of Commons met on Tuesday, that Mr. Gladstone would take some position on this burning question, and the Radicals were hoping for an unqualified declaration of antagonism. Nothing of the kind happened. Both parties mustered in full force, and the House was full, but Mr. Gladstone contented himself with a very simple, moderate statement that the Employers' Liability Bill must stand as adopted by the House of Commons. He made no reference whatever to any collision between the two Houses, nor did he indicate in any way his attitude toward the new movement against the Upper House. The Radicals were, naturally, very much disappointed, and some of the Radical organs have expressed themselves with great freedom, the "Chronicle" declaring that the speech was unworthy of the occasion, and chilled the party to the bone. The time has come, it says, to ask Mr. Gladstone plainly what he intends to do. "If Mr. Gladstone feels that age and infirmities press too heavily upon him for the leadership of an uncompromising crusade, it is for him to say so. We think he is bound to say so, and to let us know how the situation rests." It sometimes happens, however, that the editor of a newspaper is not let into the secrets of political leadership. Mr. Gladstone is not only a statesman, but he is also one of the most expert and adroit political strategists in the House of Commons. He knows how to select his opportunity, to choose his position and force his antagonists on to untenable ground. The moderation of last Tuesday's speech by no means proves that Mr. Gladstone is unwilling to raise the question of mending or ending the House of Lords. It may be that he desires to postpone an agitation which would obscure the Home Rule issue, and the leadership of which he feels too old to take upon himself; but he is a very extraordinary man, and it is more than likely that, instead of being blind to what appears to be the necessity of the hour, he is quietly putting his opponents in the worst possible position, and marshaling his own forces in the most effective way. He has never yet been caught sleeping. Meanwhile, it is to be noted that more reasonable counsels have prevailed, and that the House of Lords has receded from its extreme position by accepting some of the amendments of the Parish Councils Bill adopted by the House of Commons.

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An important declaration was made by the Italian Minister of Finance in the Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday of last week regarding the financial condition of the Italian Government. The deficit for the fiscal year will amount to 155,000,000 lire, or about $30,000,000, which will be sensibly increased in the coming year unless remedial measures are immediately applied. These measures the Minister proposes to take in the form of economies in the various departments and of new taxes. The details of the various economies are not reported by telegram, but the Minister estimated that a saving of 31,000,000 lire a year could be effected, and declared that the retrenchment of the last year had resulted in a saving of 12,000,000 lire, 6,000,000 having been saved in the war department and 4,000,000 on the marine budget. The proposals with regard to taxation include an increase of the tax on land of about twenty per cent. on the present tax—an increase which is expected to yield 17,000,000 lire. It is also proposed to increase the tax on the sale of spirits and to add a certain percentage to the present rate of the income tax. The import duty on wheat has been increased, and the Government proposes to issue a considerable amount of new nickel coin and inconvertible State notes. It is expected that the aggregate revenue from the new taxation will amount to something more than 50,000,000 lires. The seriousness of the situation is indicated by the fact that, even if all these economies are enforced and all these additions are made to the revenue of the State, there will still be a heavy deficit. It is encouraging, however, to find a Minister attempting to deal frankly with the situation in the only way in which it can be dealt with, by the reduction of expenses and increase of income.

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The Outlook has had occasion more than once to say that an economical system under which more than ninety per cent. of those who engage in business fail must be unsound in some important particulars. It is becoming very clear also that a political system under which nearly all the Governments in the world are plunging deeper and deeper into the mire of debt cannot be wise or safe. Italy is practically bankrupt, Greece confessedly so, Spain is on the verge of bankruptcy, Russian finances have long been in a state of extreme disorder, Germany multiplies her taxes, and even France, one of the most prosperous countries in the world, is confronted year by year with an annual deficit. The successful conversion of the 4½ per cent. *rente* has saved about 68,000,000 francs, but in spite of this reduction France will have this year to face a deficit of 130,000,000 francs. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the eminent French publicist, calls attention again to the seriousness of the financial situation in that country. He notes that the customs revenue is diminishing; that the tax on houses will also decline as a result of the overbuilding in the large cities; that commercial enterprise is diminishing; that the accumulation of savings in the banks shows a marked falling off; while, on the other hand, the demands of the army and navy are steadily increasing. The same writer declares that, as the result of the Socialistic tendency, the State is looked to to support all interests and to provide unlimited funds for the assistance of all classes, and he declares that unless State Socialism is abandoned, and armaments are reduced in France and Germany, both countries will find themselves bankrupt in the near future. Whether M. Leroy-Beaulieu is correct or not in his diagnosis of the situation, it is certain that almost every nation on the Continent is getting deeper and deeper in the slough of debt.

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There are certain facts, which may be misleading, but which seem to indicate something like an approach to a *modus vivendi* between the Papal Government and the Italian Government. On the first day of January there was an interchange of civilities between the two courts for the first time in twenty-four years. Close upon this significant incident came the concession of a number of royal exequaturs which the Government had been holding back from bishops and archbishops nominated by the Pope to Italian dioceses. Even more significant, however, is the fact that a memorial has been presented to the Pope by the Jesuits, urging the rescission of the Papal decree which forbids Roman Catholics to take part in the political life of Italy. Even from the extreme ultramontane point of view it has long seemed a great blunder to restrict the political freedom of the supporters of the Papacy, because it has practically given their enemies a free hand. It is said that the Pope has been extremely averse to the policy of taking Catholics out of the political life of the country; such a repugnance to the policy which has been maintained for so many years would certainly be in accordance with the genius of Leo XIII. His desire, however, to remove these obstacles has been thwarted by

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the opposition of the Jesuits. The forwarding of this petition, therefore, from the Jesuits, asking for a change of policy, is extremely significant, and probably marks the disappearance of the restriction upon Catholics in their political action in Italy. The establishment of friendly relations between the two Courts would be decidedly advantageous to both parties. The Roman Catholic Church still represents a tremendous influence in Italy, especially among the agricultural people. It is everywhere the enemy of Anarchism and social disorder, and its active alliance with the Government in the present crisis would be of great assistance. To the Pope, on the other hand, one serious result to the Papacy of the separation between the two Courts has been a great loss of revenue. Under the treaty of Papal guaranties, the Pope is entitled to an annuity of $600,000, which has so far never been accepted. If new relations could be established, not only would the Pope gain this additional $600,000 to his depleted revenues, but he would also come into possession of nearly $15,000,000 of accumulated annuities which lie to his credit in the Italian treasury. Under these circumstances, and especially in view of the action of the Jesuits, it looks very much as if Leo were about to take another forward step.

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The tragic outcome at Cornell of the attempt by the sophomore class to haze the freshman class does not make the crime any greater than it would have been without that result. The criminality of any act is to be measured, not by the result which actually issues from it, but by the character of the act and the motive of the perpetrator. It seems that the freshmen of Cornell are accustomed to hold an annual banquet, and the sophomores are accustomed to do everything in their power to break it up. On this occasion, after the freshmen had gathered in their banquet-hall, the sophomores contrived a preparation of chlorine by which chlorine gas was forced into the banquet-hall, with, as a result, the prostration of some of the students, and the death of a colored woman who was acting as cook. It is possible that the men who prepared this chlorine did not know that its effect might be fatal; it is more probable that they did not think anything about it, and were appalled by the consequences. They certainly ought to pay the penalty of this criminal carelessness, to give the act no severer name. What seems to us worse than the act itself, however, is the course both of students in the College and merchants in the town, as officially reported by the coroner, who declares that his endeavor to ferret out the criminals is impeded at every step.. There is no basis in justice whatever for the notion that a crime committed by a collegian is less criminal than one committed by a townsman. College students and the citizens of Ithaca owe it to themselves to unite in the most vigorous endeavors to bring to justice the men whose criminal carelessness has brought about the death of one innocent person and might easily have brought about the death of others.

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The arrest last week of Erastus Wiman on charges of forgery gave a shock to the entire community. It is rather the fashion of the newspapers in such cases to assume that the accused is guilty until he is proved innocent, because the guilt of a prominent and honored man creates a greater sensation than his innocence. Whatever the laity may think, most lawyers will be of the opinion that the giving out of a statement from the District Attorney's office respecting the charges against Mr. Wiman, and the publication of seemingly well-authenticated reports that he would plead guilty, constitute a very unprofessional method of prejudicing the public mind against him. It is only fair to him, in view of these statements, to print what his counsel, Mr. Benjamin F. Tracy, officially says upon the subject: "I have seen for the first time this morning the indictments against Mr. Wiman, and, having learned the history of the case and the facts upon which the indictments are founded, I am entirely satisfied, after such examination, that Mr. Wiman has committed no crime, and, unless I am greatly misinformed, the trial will develop a state of facts which will show that Mr. Wiman is not only not a criminal, but that he has done nothing that can seriously reflect upon his honor or integrity as a man." This statement has been followed by a fuller statement from another of Mr. Wiman's lawyers. We do not believe in "trial by newspaper," but the American public certainly ought to attach greater weight to such a statement as this from such a man as Mr. Tracy than they attach to unauthentic reports by anonymous correspondents in the newspapers. Mr. Wiman has been admitted to bail, and the public should reserve its judgment until a trial on the charges is preferred against him, unless, in spite of his lawyers' opinion, he acknowledges their justice by pleading guilty.

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On Thursday of last week the Governor of Massachusetts, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House, the Mayor of Boston, and many other of the leading men of the Commonwealth were fitly present at the dedication of the new Town Hall in the little town of Fairhaven. The ceremonies had an importance reaching beyond the borders of Massachusetts. The Town Hall was the gift of a former resident, now the wife of Mr. Henry H. Rogers, of New York, who gives this expression to her love for the home of her girlhood. This gift, costing nearly half a million dollars, is the third benefaction of this sort which Fairhaven has received from the family of the donor. The other gifts were a school and the town library. Outside of Massachusetts we know of no such important gifts to the general public from people living. In Massachusetts, however, they have been exactly paralleled by the gifts of Mr. Rindge, of San Francisco, to the city of Cambridge. The example set is one that cannot be too highly commended. On another page we reprint the better part of Mr. Clemens's humorous but serious address in advocacy of giving to charity while men live instead of giving to lawyers when men die. This, however, is but one half of the lesson which the new Town Hall will continually teach. The other half is the wisdom and generosity of making gifts for the public directly to the public instead of tying them up in the hands of trustees to become with each generation less and less useful to the public whom they were intended to benefit. Such gifts to the public as these are the sign of a better public spirit. When men care for the public they give to the public, and every gift strengthens the growing conviction that no man's obligations end with the little family to which he belongs by the ties of blood.

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Partly with the hope of rescuing the Swedish explorer Björling, and partly to investigate hitherto unknown territory in Greenland, Baron von Nordenskjöld is now preparing an Arctic expedition, which will be composed exclusively of Swedes. Oscar Dickson, one of the richest citizens of Gothenburg, will pay all the expenses. Nordenskjöld believes that Björling is still alive and that he is probably somewhere among the Eskimos. Regarding the "Fram's" voyage, he does not think that the Norwegian explorer, Dr. Nansen, will by any means reach the North Pole, but says that his pioneering ought to bring

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good results. Among them should be the more exact determination of the earth's figure, greater advances in geology and geography, and new acquaintance with Arctic flora, fauna, and meteorology. There is a commendable rivalry among the nations looking to every increase in Arctic knowledge. Regular relations of commerce have for some time been established between Great Britain and the northern coast of Siberia through the indomitable pluck of Captain Wiggins in opening the old trade route by way of the Kara Sea. Stations are now maintained by Russia on the New Siberian Islands, and the result is a far greater geographical accuracy as to that coast region than when the lives of Captain DeLong and his brave comrades were sacrificed. The recent work of Professor Boas among the Eskimos has added much to our acquaintance with Grant and Grinnell Lands, and with Hayes Sound, which separates them. The scant information about Ellesmere and Baffin Lands has inspired Mr. Robert Stein, of the United States Geological Survey, to start next summer with a small party for an exploration of three months in Ellesmere Land, transportation there and back being furnished by a whaling firm. The Eskimo name for this country—a probable island—is "Land of the Musk-Ox," but there is no longer large game there. Mr. Stein's idea is to establish a house on the Land which shall be the base of future operations. Subsidiary stations would be fixed, say, a hundred miles apart, and in this way the mapping, not only of this, but of Franz Josef and other Arctic lands, would be eventually accomplished. It is a matter of National pride that this broad plan of exploration comes from America.

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Roscoe Conkling was once asked to represent one side of a dispute in which President Arthur was to be sole arbitrator, but the plan came to naught because the Senator would not consent to act. Last year Brazil and the Argentine Republic agreed to submit their boundary quarrel, now a century and a half old, to the arbitration of President Cleveland, both parties to acquiesce in his decision without appeal. This dispute refers to the possession of the "Misiones" tract, which lies south of Paraguay, between the Parana and Uruguay Rivers, and running up into Brazilian territory. The Commissioners of both Governments have now opened the case, sitting in the White House. The Brazilian Commission consists of Baron Rio-Branco and General DeCastro Cergueira, with their secretaries and advisers. The Argentine Commission consists of Dr. Estanislao Zeballos, Minister at Washington; Dr. Carlos Aldao, Dr. Gregorio Uriarte, and the Secretaries of the Legation. In view of his intimacy and supposed influence with the President, Mr. Josiah Quincy's acceptance of a retainer from the Argentine Republic to represent its interests in the case has been much criticised, as at least likely to offend the Brazilian Government.

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General News.—The Parish Councils Bill is again in the English House of Commons, the House of Lords having accepted some of the amendments proposed by the Lower House, but still adhering to its position regarding the control of charities.——The crew of the wrecked Kearsarge have reached this country; they report that the vessel struck the reef in the night-time and when the officers had every reason to suppose that they were far from danger; an attempt will probably be made to get the vessel off the reef.——The Sultan of Morocco has, it is reported, finally settled, to the satisfaction of Spain, the Spanish claims against Morocco growing out of the Melilla incident. ——M. de Giers, the Foreign Minister of Russia, is seriously ill, and, it is probable, will not recover.——In Brazil both sides continue to claim to have made gains; two or three of the insurgent vessels have again forced their way out of the harbor of Rio Janeiro, and are supposed to be in pursuit of the Nictheroy and other of Peixoto's vessels; yellow fever continues to be prevalent.——The police of Paris have made many arrests of Anarchists the past week. ——The New York State Assembly has passed what is known as the Dinkelspiel Anti-Bucket-Shop Bill, which aims to prevent gambling nominally based on the sale of stocks and bonds or produce, but actually having nothing to do with legitimate transactions.

Archdeacon Farrar

We give on our first page a portrait of Archdeacon Farrar, who is undoubtedly the most popular preacher in the Established Church of England, if not in any Church in the British Empire. St. Margaret's Church, of which he is the rector, is under the shadow of the most famous ecclesiastical edifice in England—Westminster Abbey; but neither this fact, nor the fact that it is in one of the poorer districts of London, quite removed from the aristocratic quarter, has sufficed to prevent Dr. Farrar from making it a famous resort. When he preaches there, which is usually once every Sunday, the church is crowded to the doors, and one must be early to get into the church, and even then he may not be able to get a seat. It is much frequented by Americans, and the Archdeacon has, with characteristic hospitality, had a pew set apart especially for them. On the other hand, one of the windows—a memorial window to Raleigh, who is buried here—was presented to the church by American friends.

But Dr. Farrar is more widely known as an author even than as a preacher. Of all the various modern Lives of Christ, the one from his pen has doubtless secured much the largest circulation and most extended reading. It is by this work that he is most widely known, though we are ourselves inclined to place a higher estimate on his less widely known "Lives of the Fathers." He is not only a methodical worker, but devotes an amount of time to his literary and parochial labors not usual in England, where life is neither so fast as in America, nor industry so continuous and unbroken as in Germany. He is at his desk usually at half-past eight in the morning—an unusually early hour for a Londoner—and rarely closes his labors before ten in the evening. These facts we gather from an interesting character-sketch in "McClure's Magazine" for December, 1893.

Dr. Farrar has been accused by his critics of being over-rhetorical; and it must be confessed that the criticism is not wholly groundless. But in his case rhetoric is not a device to conceal either a paucity of ideas or a lack of earnest conviction. While popular in his method of interpretation, he is a scholar in his preparation. His amplitude of words, like many of the obscurities of Browning, is due to an impassioned earnestness which cannot, or at least does not, take time to study conciseness in expression. His style has been formed on pulpit models, and is oratorical rather than literary. But it is very certain that this alone, though it might make him popular as a preacher, would not win for him the respect and the following which are accorded to him. These are due to three qualities not often found combined in the same person—his catholicity, his intensity, and his aggressive courage. His eulogy of Cardinal Newman, delivered at St. Margaret's after the Cardinal's death, and his public approbation of General Booth's labors for the succor of "Darkest Eng-

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land," may be taken as illustrations of the first; his pronounced position as a temperance reformer, and his famous sermons on "The Larger Hope," a phrase which he himself, we believe, coined, to express a doctrine which differs from Universalism because it is a "hope," not a dogma, may serve as an illustration of the second; and his vigorous indictment of the High Church party, as leading the Church of England away from the Protestant principles of the English Reformation, and back to Rome—an indictment which cuts him off from all hope of the ecclesiastical preferment which, by virtue of his services and his scholarship, would belong to him—exemplifies the third. There is no more catholic and no more courageous preacher in the English pulpit. In theology he belongs to the same school as Maurice, Stanley, and Kingsley, and is, indeed, almost the last of a body of men in the Anglican Church whose most distinguished representative on this side of the water was the late Bishop Brooks. Dr. Farrar is now about sixty-three years old, and has been in orders for almost exactly half of that time. His appointment as Archdeacon dates from 1883; for seven years previous he held a Canonry in Westminster Abbey; previous to that he had been Head Master of Marlborough College. He has been at different times Chaplain to the Queen, Select Preacher at Cambridge, and Chaplain of the House of Commons.

President Eliot's Report

President Eliot in his annual report devotes a considerable space to a very thorough and very thoughtful discussion of college athletics. His suggestions will meet with opposition from undergraduates, and even from recent graduates, but it will require something more than sentimental considerations to break the force of his paper, which is all the more forcible because it is wholly free from the hysterics which have marred some of the newspaper discussions of this subject, and from the effeminate notion that any sport which involves hazard to life and limb must be abolished, which has vitiated other discussions. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a clearer and more concise statement than his report affords of the advantages of athletics:

> "They have infused into boys and young men a greater respect for bodily excellence and a desire to attain it; they have supplied a new and effective motive for resisting all sins which weaken or corrupt the body; they have quickened admiration for such manly qualities as courage, fortitude, and presence of mind in emergencies and under difficulties; they have cultivated in a few the habit of command, and in many the habit of quick obedience and intelligent subordination; and, finally, they have set before young men prizes and distinctions which are uncontaminated by any commercial value, and which no one can win who does not possess much patience, perseverance, and self-control, in addition to rare bodily endowments."

This statement of the disadvantages of the wanton exaggeration of these sports is equally strong and compact:

> "When thus exaggerated, they interfere with, instead of clarifying and maintaining, mental activity; they convert the student into a powerful animal, and dull for the time his intellectual parts; they present the colleges to the public, educated and uneducated, as places of mere physical sport, and not of intellectual training; they make familiar to the student a coarse publicity which destroys his rightful privacy while in training for intellectual service, and subjects him to insolent and vulgar comments on his personal qualities; they induce in masses of spectators at interesting games a hysterical excitement which too many Americans enjoy, but which is evidence, not of physical strength and depth of passion, but of feebleness and shallowness; and they tend to dwarf mental and moral pre-eminence by unduly magnifying physical prowess."

While recognizing clearly the legitimate place of athletics in college life, President Eliot makes an intelligent distinction between legitimate college sports and the competitive sports which find their expression in intercollegiate contests of football, baseball, and boat-racing. Athletics, as a part of the training of young men, have long ago passed the experimental stage; they are now a part of almost every college curriculum, and, under expert direction, they have done not a little to develop a healthier race of undergraduates. It is the competitive sports that tend to an excessive devotion of time at the expense of the regular college work, to the introduction of the professional element, to betting, and, in some cases, to brutality, and it is therefore the competitive sports which need regulation. President Eliot calls attention to the objection which, on the whole, tells most heavily against these sports, and that is the undue amount of the undergraduates' time which they absorb; and he lays it down as a general principle that no sport which requires more than two hours' time a day is appropriate for college purposes. Dr. Eliot also makes another point which will have great weight when he calls attention to the large sums which are collected as gate-money at the intercollegiate contests in large cities, and reminds us that the colleges have been built up by men who have combined physical endurance and mental vigor with a distinct loyalty to intellectual and spiritual ideals, and that it violates the tradition and spirit of these men that students should earn great sums of money by physical contests, especially as these amounts constitute in themselves a powerful temptation to wastefulness. Football, in President Eliot's opinion, is the least useful of the athletic games, because it depends so largely, in the last analysis, on physical force. The outcome of his discussion of the whole question is embodied in several suggestions: The exclusion of Freshmen from intercollegiate contests; the restriction of games to college fields in college towns; the exclusion of professional students from intercollegiate contests; the establishment of a rule forbidding a student to take part in more than one sport in the same year; the amendment of the rules of football so as to lessen the element of violence and danger from the game; the restriction of intercollegiate contests in any one sport to one contest every other year. These suggestions will not be accepted without a good deal of discussion, and it might be wise, perhaps, to amend them in some particulars, but they admirably formulate the discussion that has been going on, and they will serve to crystallize collegiate and extra-collegiate opinion.

A Lenten Meditation

Jesus Christ did not come into the world to make new conditions of salvation; to reveal a different God from the one revealed to Old Testament prophets; to indicate or initiate a change in the divine administration; to substitute a new offer or covenant for the old one; or to make possible what before was impossible. The conditions of salvation have never been changed. They are the same under the New Testament as under the Old Testament; the same for the Christian as for the Jew, and for the Jew as for the pagan. They are not conventional or arbitrary conditions; they lie in the nature of salvation. Jesus Christ came into the world, not to create, abolish, or modify these conditions, but to make them clear, and to help men both to understand and to accept them.

Salvation is character. A man is saved when he is good, and lost when he is wicked. When a man is doing wrong,

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there is only way in which he can be saved; it is by ceasing to do wrong and beginning to do right. And when he has done wrong, and his feet are enmeshed in temptations, and his better purposes thwarted and defeated by the evil habits he has formed, he needs a strong hand to help him; to disentangle him; to break the fetters of habit which he has forged for himself. We all believe this. The disciple of Ethical Culture, who does not know whether God is or is not, but who goes down to the East Side to help men, does so because he knows that by his wiser judgment and his stronger will he can help men whose judgment is not wise and whose wills are weak.

The Gospel message to men—the same in the Old Testament and in the New Testament—is, first, that the wrong-doer must cease doing wrong: that is repentance;—and, second, that God will help him by his strong will, buttressing the disheartened and discouraged will: accepting that help is faith. And as to the guilt and shame of the past? God will take care of that; has taken care of that. The past is God's; the present and the future are ours. And Jesus Christ? Jesus Christ has come to make this clear; to show us what right living means: it means living as Christ lived;—to show us who God is: he is such a One as Jesus Christ was.

The religion of Jesus Christ is all summed up in one word—Love. All duty is loving our neighbor as Christ loved us. And when we have failed in that love, or fear that we shall fail, then our hope lies in this, that God is love, as Christ was love, and forgives our failures and helps us to succeed. To have faith in Christ is to have faith in love: faith that life is love, and love is the fulfilling of the Law; faith that God is love as Jesus Christ was love, and in that love of God is help and strength to do as Christ did, and to be what Christ was.

This is Christianity.

The Next Reform

No more significant remark has been made by any public man of late than the statement of Mr. Wilson, at a recent dinner in this city, that the next great reform is the reform of the civil service in National, State, and local Government. Mr. Wilson is not only the Democratic leader of the House, but he is also a man of very high character, of large abilities, and of political discernment. For the first time, so far as we remember, an active, practical political leader has made this unequivocal statement of the importance of the Civil Service Reform, and has announced unequivocally his adhesion to it. Politicians rebel at the idea of a civil service independent of political uses and separated forever from the system of patronage. Statesmen, on the other hand, whose interest is in the acceptance of political principles by the country, and not simply in the triumph of party, look to taking the civil service out of politics as the emancipation from an oppressive and increasing burden, and as the best means of removing from the arena of practical politics one of the great disturbing elements, the element that makes bossism and machines possible, which degrades our public life, and which imposes burdens upon our public men that involve a sacrifice of their highest possibilities of service to the country. Mr. Wilson's words cannot but give a great stimulus to Civil Service Reformers everywhere, because they announce that the time has come when practical statesmen, discerning the signs of the times, see that the reform of the civil service is the great and pressing need of the country.

Editorial Notes

—There is no loss without some small gain. Baron Camille Blanc, one of the principal owners of the Monte Carlo Casino, told an American recently that last season the tables were 3,500,000 francs behind 1892's winnings. The hard times are to blame for it.

—The illness of Mr. Wilson, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, we are sorry to note, excites grave apprehensions. Leaders in Congress are now so conspicuously few that the loss of any one of them would be almost a calamity. There is no statesmanship to spare in either branch of the National Legislature at present.

—It is a pleasure to note that a crusade against the practice of selling introductions at the Court of St. James by women of title has now been started by no less a personage than the Queen herself Hereafter officials will publicly cancel all presentations for which money is known to have been received by the women who stand sponsor.

—The movement for good city government is not confined to the United States, but has achieved one of its greatest victories in Montreal, Canada. A Volunteer Electoral League, formed in that city during the last year, forced some of the worst candidates for the City Council to withdraw, and defeated others on election day. The new municipal spirit is bound to result in a better municipal life.

—Churches sometimes outgrow living congregations, but Westminster Abbey is probably the only church in the world that ever outgrew a dead congregation. So little space remains for the erection of memorials and monuments that several suggestions have been made looking to the enlargement of the structure, the latest being the offer of about $150,000 on the part of a well-known English gentleman to be used in adding a large chapel to the Abbey.

—The new explosive, schnebelite, which has recently been tested in both England and France with remarkable results, is the discovery of two brothers, one an officer, the other a priest. It must have been a strange sight to behold the Abbé Schnebelin in clerical garb stirring his compound in a saucepan to demonstrate its harmlessness when not intended to explode. The worthy Abbé holds that to be well equipped for war is the guarantee of peace. It has long been hoped that the Church might aid in doing away with war, but to do it by inventing new high explosives is a startling method.

—The shameful occurrence at Cornell spoken of elsewhere has called out some criticism on the college faculties for not taking severer measures to prevent such acts. But no Eastern institution of learning can equal the record of a Western college where, according to a Western college paper, a student of good standing was "dragged by the heels down from the fourth story, tearing his back with projecting nails, shaking him up badly as he bounced from step to step, and was finally soused in a barrel of ice-cold water." The report proceeds to say that "the faculty at once took the matter up, and, after discussing it thoroughly, decided that in order to prevent further trouble the best course would be *to dismiss the victim from the school.*"

—Governments by and for the people may become an actuality in Germany sooner than its autocratic young ruler anticipates. Not only doth divinity hedge royal personages there, it seems, but also the very animals of their stables. The captain of a battery stationed in Berlin recently condemned an artillerist to extra drill every day as a punishment for "insulting a horse in the royal service" by calling the noble animal a "pig." This appellation, along with "hyena" and "rhinoceros," has long been endeared to the heart of the average German subaltern as being a perfect way in which to address a common soldier, yet no punishment for it has ever come from a superior officer. In the Fatherland a jealous eye is kept by ambitious bureaucrats on anything which might be construed to offend William II., and the consequent judicial activity is prodigious. Recently a man was sentenced to several months' imprisonment for *lese-majesty* because he kept his seat while the Emperor's health was drunk.

—It turns out that the source from which the "Pall Mall Gazette" derived the information that Mr. Gladstone was on the point of resigning was the valet of a friend of a friend of the Premier. The Premier's friend wrote freely and, of course, confidentially to another friend, and the letter came into the possession of this gentleman's valet, who offered it to the London "Times" for $2,500. It was declined. It was also declined by the "Standard," the "Daily Telegraph," and the "Chronicle," the price having then fallen to $1,250. The responsible editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," who is an Englishman, bought it and made one of the most notable journalistic sensations of late years, and now the English papers are venting their wrath by describing this achievement as a trick learned from America. Every bad method and every violation of taste in England is at once traced to this unhappy land; but it turns out in almost every case that these particularly bad methods and bad manners, like the slang which is charged to us, are old English.

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Reminiscences of Old New York[1]

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

"THE world does not seem to be the same world that I used to know," said Grandmother, between a laugh and a sigh—"no more than my bald-headed sons and gray-haired daughters seem the same persons that I loved and cuddled as babies in my nursery. Why, when I was a little girl, New York was hardly more than a big village. It was not until after the great fire in 1835 that things took a start and the town seemed to wake to a new life. What a fire that was! Five hundred houses were destroyed, and their ashes continued to smoke for months after. We knew when the wind was from the east, by the smell of smoke, for nearly a year. Almost all the business portion of the town was destroyed. The fire raged for two nights and a day, for the weather was so intensely cold that the water would freeze in the hose, paralyzing the labors of the firemen.

"No one slept at our house during those two fearful nights, though we were not very near the fire, and we continued to take in barrels and boxes and furniture to store for those whose property was in danger, until a policeman came and warned us that we ran the risk of breaking through the floors. We also busied ourselves in serving hot coffee to the firemen, as did many of our neighbors.

"These men looked grotesque enough, arrayed, when off duty, in blankets with a hole cut in the center, through which the head was passed, allowing the folds to fall about the person. The firemen were all volunteers, and hundreds of men and boys dragging the long rope that pulled the engine, crying, 'Fire! 'Fire!' at the top of their voices, made the calamity seem very real. There was so much pilfering and stealing during the fire that the military were ordered out to help the police, and so many arrests were made that the Castle Garden—which had been turned into a prison for the emergency—was so full that it could contain no more.

'Towards the morning following the second night the order came to open all the windows, to prevent their being broken, as it had been determined to blow up the houses in the neighborhood of the fire to prevent its spreading.

"We were used to small fires in those days, so many of the houses were of wood. The cisterns were generally out under the sidewalks, and the firemen would uncover them, put in their hose, and sometimes draw off every drop of water. If the next day were washing-day, we would have to borrow water of a neighbor by the pailful.

"We lived near the Battery, which was called the 'court end of the town,' and it was very pleasant to look out on the grass and trees of the park, and enjoy the fresh breezes from the bay. Nobody ever went out of town in summer in those days, unless possibly to visit country cousins for a week or two—New York itself was country enough. We did not have to peep up at the sky as though one were looking up a chimney, as you do now—there was scarcely a house more than three stories high. Every one kept the street clean before his own door. All the garbage was swept into the middle, and the cows would come by and eat it up. Piles of pea-pods and potato-parings did not seem to us unsightly, if they were neatly heaped up. It was not until I was pretty well grown that I remember my father telling us that a law had been passed forbidding any one to throw garbage in the street any more, and that carts would come thereafter to collect it. After that an old man, whom every one called 'Pot-pie Palmer,' used to come through our neighborhood, driving his cart and ringing his great bell before each house to call the servant-girls out with their garbage-pails.

"Those were primitive times, you would think. We had no ranges or stoves to cook by—only the open hearth piled with hickory logs. The pot hung from a crane, and smaller utensils from iron chains called trammels, which were also suspended from the crane. The meats were roasted in Dutch ovens before the fire. When we made bread or cake, we had to send it to the bakers, to be baked in their great brick ovens. We used to bake our pies in a shallow iron pot that stood on three small feet and had a lid. This was covered all over with hickory coals, and left until the coals were black and cold, when the pie was done to a turn.

"Our social pleasures were not as varied as those of the present day, but we enjoyed them with as much zest, or more perhaps, than you young folks do now, because of their rarity. How well I remember my mother's 'tea-companies'! We never heard of dinner-parties—every one dined in the middle of the day—but about once a month we would have a 'tea' at our house. The mahogany table was waxed and polished until you could see your face in it, and then set out with cold ham and smoked beef, thin and crisp like shavings; bread, buttered on the loaf and cut like a wafer; always two large cakes, with one slice laid on the top of each loaf; grated cheese, by way of a little relish; and 'gunpowder tea.' 'Short-cake,' now called 'soda biscuit,' and 'crullers' were also among the delicacies. In my mother's girlhood it was not customary to put the sugar in the tea, but to bite off a small bit from a piece held in the fingers, and then take a swallow of tea.

"I never saw flowers on a tea-table anywhere. If a grand wedding took place in the winter, the flowers were made of tissue-paper that decorated the rooms and table. The ladies were invited to 'spend the afternoon' when asked to tea, and arrived about four o'clock, with their work or knitting, and chatted until six, when the tea was served. After tea the husbands arrived, and spent the evening, during which cake and wine were 'handed round.'

"There were two or three theaters in the Bowery (so named from 'bouwerie,' the Dutch for 'farm,' I have been told), but that was always the 'poor quarter' of the town, and the Park Theater was the only one where ladies went. Castle Garden was a favorite evening resort. It had been a fort during the Revolutionary War, but was now converted into a sort of pleasure-garden. Standing out in the bay, it was approached from the shore by a little bridge decorated with lanterns. It was perfectly round, and the ground floor was divided by wooden trellises into little arbors all around the wall-space—in each of which was a table with places for six persons, where ice-cream and cake were served, but nothing else. The roof was reached by several narrow stairways, and was covered with an awning, but open to the fresh sea-air on all sides. There was no band of music as you would have now, but we never missed it.

"Some of the young men formed a club and kept their own rowboats, and used to take the girls out for moonlight rows up the river. 'Contoit's Garden' was a similar sort of place up on Broadway near Leonard Street.

"The sewing societies were always in fashion, and brought the people attending the same church pleasantly in contact. We went to the 'Middle Dutch Church,' corner of Liberty and Nassau Streets, which was the lineal descendant of the first company of Christians assembled for worship on Manhattan Island. When the service began, a chain was drawn across Nassau Street, so that the congregation might not be disturbed by passing vehicles. The chain was just such as are now used on the ferryboats to prevent passengers getting off too soon. In the afternoons, when my mother was young, the sermon was always preached in Dutch, and the ministers wore black gloves with the fingers cut off at the knuckles. As the churches were warmed only by a large stove at one end, each lady had her own foot-stove, which the sexton filled with hot ashes and placed in the pew on the arrival of its occupants.

"I never saw any one drive to church: the city was so

[1] These reminiscences were written almost word for word as told by an old lady over eighty years of age.

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small there was no occasion for it. I never went up-town higher than Canal Street before I was married, except to ride or drive. It was all farming land. A canal ran through the street, as the name implies, with a roadway on each side and a bridge over Broadway and the other streets that crossed it. Before the canal was cut through the land was low and marshy, and at high tide the water washed over the island from river to river. In 1826 the street was arched over, and the canal disappeared from sight.

"We never heard of new fashions oftener than once in two or three years. The 'leg of mutton' sleeves were worn for eight or ten years, and we used to puff them out with crinoline. My father used to say that he should have to get a second pew in church if the fashion continued. About the time that I was married the puffed sleeve came in fashion—three puffs: a large one at the top, one for the elbow, and a small one at the wrist. They were considered 'too sweet for anything,' but when they were succeeded by the coat-sleeves there was a general protest. 'They look just like a man's!' everybody said. The favorite material in those days was Canton crape, which came both plain and figured. The palm-leaf pattern was especially admired. I can remember my mother, dressed for a 'tea-company,' as though she were before me now. Sometimes she wore a gown of gray silk which trained on the floor in the house; but before going into the street, by a deft movement, she whipped the train over her arm, showing the short petticoat, made of the same material as the gown, or 'frock,' as we called it then. I have never seen anything so elegant since as those graceful gowns with petticoat to match. On her head mother wore a turban of pink or blue crape. No one was in full dress without a turban. Around her shoulders she wore her black satin 'cardinal,' which was a long cloak coming just below the knees, edged with a fall of lace and ornamented at the back with a round 'hood,' also trimmed with lace. The gowns were all made low-necked for winter and summer, but the neck was covered with what was called an 'inside handkerchief,' made of 'mull musline,' which was finished around the throat with a double box-plaited ruff standing out about three inches.

"My father wore small-clothes, always of black broadcloth, with black silk stockings, and silver buckles at the knee and on the shoe. His ruffled shirt-front and broad white cravat, crossed behind and tied in a little bow in front, gave him a look of spotless neatness. The linen cambric for these ruffles could not be bought then for less than four or five dollars a yard, and the ruffles were plaited as finely as hands could do them.

"The great occasion of the year for wearing one's fine clothes was on New Year's Day; for then, as you know, every able-bodied man was expected to do his duty and call upon every lady of his acquaintance to wish her 'the compliments of the season,' as the phrase went. For weeks before the great day the bakers were hard at work making New Year's cake by the barrelful. Our order was usually given for forty pounds, and it lasted sometimes until February. Almost before it was light the little street-boys would begin to rap the great brass knocker to wish us 'Happy New Year,' which was meant to express 'a lively sense of favors to come.' When a seed-cake was thrust into one hand and an apple into the other, they retired with scant ceremony to give place to others.

"All the gentlemen began their New Year by going to church, but the ladies were too busy with their preparations at home to spare the time for worship. The 'Marthas' were more numerous than the 'Marys' on that day, for by twelve o'clock the calling would begin, and each hostess must be ready to receive and the table be spread. Piles of New Year's cakes, plum-cake, pound-cake, crullers, jumbles, with old Madeira sherry, tea, and coffee, were placed upon a table, with cloth as white as snow, at one end of the room or in a room adjoining.

"Everybody who was anybody had their parlors furnished in mahogany and black haircloth. This was so fine that it resembled black satin, but after a time they made a coarse variety of it and it went out of fashion. A description of one parlor in those days would answer for them all. On the mantel stood the silver 'branches,' as the two-armed candlesticks were called, a pair of 'girandoles,' with their long pendent prisms, and the silver snuffers on the 'snuff-dish.' On the walls hung ancestral portraits or engravings of Bible or historical subjects. The andirons and fenders, the knobs of the doors, the candlesticks for common use, were all of brass, and 'cleaning the brasses' required many hours of each day to bring them to the point of perfection. They were a staple subject of debate between mistress and servant. All the servants we had were slaves given to my mother by her parents upon her marriage, until freed by law, when I was about eight years old. The furniture was substantial and all hand-made. My mother's four-post bedstead was a most stately affair. It was curtained with white dimity, and the 'valance' and 'teaster' were embroidered. The bedspread was of fine linen, ornamented in the center with an immense basket of flowers, all embroidered in little white knots.

"The climate was more rigorous in those days. We certainly had more snow, for the boys used to coast nearly every day down the hill that was afterwards leveled to make place for Stephen Whitney's fine house, which seemed a palace at that time.

"Trinity Church was then a wooden building painted blue; and Grace Church, also of wood, painted white, stood on the corner below. Where the Astor House now stands there were three houses with pointed roofs and quaint, clumsy iron figures upon them giving the date of their building. They, too, were painted the 'Dutch blue'—the shade on the Delft china. In Maiden Lane there was what was called 'the Arcade,' running through to John Street, with little shops on either side, and above these was a gallery to give access to a second tier of shops. Many panes of glass were let into the arched roof to give light. It was all of wood painted white. We knew little or nothing of stone then. All the buildings of any pretension were of brick. Speaking of Maiden Lane reminds me that I was told when a child that the street was formerly a foot-path worn by the Dutch girls, and their mothers before them, on their way to wash their linen in the ponds near Broadway, and therefore called 'Maiden's Path' or lane. Pearl Street was a cow-path, which accounts for its irregularity. There was a large pond called 'The Collect' near where the Tombs now stands, but when I was a little girl they were draining and filling it up gradually. The great hotel during my youth was 'The City Hotel,' a long, three-story brick building, situated between Thames and Cedar Streets. In its 'assembly-room' were given all the balls, concerts, and public festivals of all kinds. It was very spacious, with four large fireplaces and many windows. Here we children attended Mr. Chariaud's dancing-school. He was an agile little Frenchman, and, violin in hand, would dance and play at the same time.

"We never heard of round dances, which would have scandalized us, I am sure. We were taught to take our steps with grace and precision, and danced the 'basket dance,' the 'cotillion,' the 'cheat,' and other quadrilles. Sometimes a young man who was an especially good dancer would introduce a 'pigeon-wing,' without getting out of time to the music. This consisted in jumping up and hitting the feet together twice before touching the ground. It was considered very elegant. I used to hear my brothers practicing 'pigeon-wings' up in the garret with untiring enthusiasm. Dancing and embroidery were our chief accomplishments. We had very few books then, but every girl was expected to be an expert needlewoman, and the threads were counted to determine the length of the stitches.

"After school-days were over, I attended dancing-parties, going at about eight o'clock, and returning so as to be abed and asleep before twelve. We young folks used to have famous riding-parties, and the 'Bloomingdale Road' was to us what the Central Park is to this generation. In winter we used to enjoy delightful sleighing-parties. Ten or a dozen young people would be packed into a large sleigh, with plenty of fur robes, and drawn by four horses. We would drive in the morning as far as 'Burn-

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ham's'—a house of refreshments, situated about where St. Luke's Hospital now is—and return home in the afternoon. It was not thought that we required chaperons, and I never remember anything verging upon ill-breeding. A little way above Canal Street and we were in the open country, with prosperous farms on all sides.

"The street scenes of that day would seem curious now. Everything imaginable was peddled through the streets. On a wheelbarrow—as clean as though it were freshly planed—one would see a large churn, with tin quart and pint measures hanging on the dasher. The negro pushing it before him would cry 'Butt-milk!' and if we wanted 'short-cake' for tea, we were on the alert for him. Next we might see a man selling hot corn at a street-corner, or pass one holding a tray before him with pears stewed in molasses upon it. Carts heaped high with 'watermillions' (as they called them), or great bundles of straw to renew the beds, or fine white sand for sanding the floors of shops and kitchens, were frequently seen. Most fruits, and the daily supply of milk for the town, were brought over in rowboats from Brooklyn and Staten Island. The milkmen would harness themselves with wooden yokes, a can of milk at each end, and go from house to house. About dusk the baker would pass by calling 'Tea-ruck!' (rusk), a favorite article for supper.

"The poor little negro chimney-sweeps, armed with brush and scraper, and singing their dolorous song, were a common sight; and at nine o'clock the watchmen would pass along, rapping their clubs against the curbstone every now and then, to assure the householders that they were on duty.

"You would be amused at our ferryboats. They were propelled by horse-power. Four or more horses walked around a shaft in the middle of the boat, and so, by an arrangement of cogs, turned the paddle-wheels."

My Study Fire

The Real and the Sham

There is, perhaps, no better test of mastership in any kind of artistic work than the effacement of the method by which the result is secured. A true work of art can never be taken apart; it is a living whole, and, although much may be said about it by way of analysis or of criticism, it is impossible to explain how it was put together. The same distinction exists between pedantry and culture; the trail of the pedant can be followed through his library back to the point from which he set out; he never for an instant gets off the beaten path. The man of culture, on the other hand, suggests his methods of personal training and enrichment no more than he suggests the air he breathes. He is so ripe in tone, so easily in command of his resources, and so sure of his tenure that there is no touch of professionalism about him. His personality is so rich and so interesting that one forgets that he is a writer or a painter or an orator. Mr. Booth found genuine pleasure in Mr. Sargent's striking portrait because it is free from all suggestion of the stage; it is the portrait of a man, not of an actor. And Mr. Booth was a charming example of a great artist devoid of the atmosphere of professionalism. His talk touched naturally on incidents and themes which appealed to him by reason of his profession, and often lingered about experiences which had been part of his arduous and brilliant career; but it was the talk of a man of distinct individuality and force, not of an actor fitted into the grooves of a profession and molded entirely to its uses.

The phrase "man of letters" is a happy one, because it emphasizes the individual quality rather than the form of its expression; because it brings the man rather than the profession before us. One of the signs of mastery in art is freedom from mannerisms, from professional methods of securing effects. The finest orators have no set manner; the most inspiring preachers are free from the clerical habit and air; the greatest writers are the most difficult to imitate, because they offer the fewest obvious peculiarities. The real man of letters is always a man primarily, and a writer secondarily. His fingers are not blackened with ink, and his talk is devoid of that kind of pedantry which is never happy unless its theme is the latest book.

The love of literature is one of the noblest of human passions, but it has many degrees, and it is, unfortunately, easily imitated. There are a good many men and women who take up literary subjects and interests as they take up the latest fashions; putting them on, so to speak, as they put on garments of the latest cut. There are so-called literary circles as devoid of true feeling for literature as the untutored tourist, restlessly rushing through art galleries with his Baedeker in his hand, is devoid of any real insight into art or love for it. Writers of force and originality are often slow in coming to their own, and are sometimes suddenly discovered by the many, long after they have been well known to the few; but the waves of interest in particular writers which sweep over society are a hollow mockery of any real and genuine knowledge. To rush wildly with the maddened throng after Browning for one short winter, to be diverted the next season by Ibsen, is to carefully destroy all hope of coming into real contact with either of these writers. A real love of art is shy of crowds, and wary of too close contact with "circles;" it does not protest too much; it hates, above all things, that pretentious use of technical phrases and that putting forward of the latest "discovery" which so often pass as literary conversation.

The spread of a sincere, unobtrusive, and teachable interest in books and other forms of art among the people of this country is a thing to recognize and rejoice in wherever it appears. It is not the crudity of undeveloped interest which is to be dreaded, but the crudity of sham interest; and the sham element is to be detected by its simulation of that which it does not possess. It is pretentious, and therefore it is essentially vulgar. It mistakes talk about books for that kind of conversation which is supposed to go on among literary folk; it dwells long and lovingly on personal contact with second and third rate authors; its test of literary quality is the professional air and manner. It gathers its small verse-writers, whom it profanely calls poets, listens to their smooth and hollow lines, applauds, drinks its tea, and goes home in the happy faith that it has poured another libation at the shrine of art. There is just now, and there probably will be for some time to come, a great deal of this sham love of literature in society; it is to be hoped that a sounder culture will some day make an end of it.

For the real love of books, like the real genius to write them, cometh not by observation; its roots are in the soul, and, being a part of a man's deepest nature, it is shy of any expression that departs a hair's line from absolute sincerity and simplicity. It detests the signs and insignia of professionalism; it shrinks from exploitation; it resents the profanation of that publicity which fastens on the manner in which the thing is done rather than on its aim and spirit. The world is prone to love wonders; it cares much more for the miracle than for the power which the miracle discloses, or the truth which it reveals. It has been in every age the anguish of the worker of wonders that he was sought as a magician rather than as a revealer of the mystery of life; and it is the prevalence of this spirit which makes the man of real artistic spirit so often indifferent to contemporary praise.

The simplicity and sincerity of a great man of letters have rarely been more clearly or attractively revealed than in the recently published correspondence of Sir Walter Scott. The enormous productivity of the great novelist was conditioned on long and arduous work; it would seem as if a man who was pouring out, through so many years, an unbroken stream of narrative would have become, in interest and habit no less than in occupation, a story-writer and nothing but a story-writer. But this is precisely what Scott did not become. The smell of ink is never upon his garments; he seems to care for everything under the Scotch heavens except books. Professionalism never gets the better of him, and he goes on to the trag-

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ical, but noble end telling stories like a true-hearted man rather than like a trained *raconteur*. Other and lesser men may squander body and soul for a few new sensations, a little addition to literary capital; Scott remains sane, simple, and wholesome to the last day. One can imagine his scorn of literary fads, and of those who follow them; for literature was to him not a matter of phrases and mannerisms and social conventions. It was as simple, as native, and as much of out-of-doors as the Highlands whose secrets he discovered. There is a fine unconsciousness of any special gifts or calling in his letters; he writes about himself as about all other things, in a natural key. Upon the appearance of "St. Ronan's Well," in 1824, Lady Abercorn tells him how greatly the book has affected her. "I like the whole book," she says; "it, like all the rest of those novels, makes one feel at home, and a party concerned. . . . Everybody reads these novels, and talks of them quite as much as the people do in England. . . . People are still curious as ever to find out the Author." And the "Author," at the flood-tide of the most magnificent popular success in the history of English literature, replies at length, touching upon the novels in a purely objective and semi-humorous spirit, and then goes on to talk about his boy Charles, who is soon to leave for Oxford; about his "black-eyed lassie," who is "dancing away merrily;" about his nephew Walter, and about many other personal and every-day matters which touch the man, but which have nothing to do with the writing of books. The soundness of the Waverley Novels comes from the soundness of the simple, brave, true-hearted Sir Walter. "My dear," he said to Lockhart, as he lay dying that September day; "my dear, be a good man." There is a tonic quality in such unconsciousness on the part of a man so opulent in some of the finest literary gifts—a man of childlike nature, who drew his wonderful stories from the hills, rather than from his libraries; who was not shaken by the storm of popularity which burst upon him, nor dismayed by the disaster which threw its shadow like a vast eclipse on his magical prosperity; a great writer, who was first and always a man. It is well to seek refuge in such a great career from the passing fashions of the hour, from the exaggerations of unintelligent and capricious praise of commonplace men, and from that idle following of art which has as little veracity and reality in it as the rush and huzzah of the crowd about the local statesman returned to his ward after a brief foreign tour.

H. W. M.

Scraps

By Tudor Jenks

Not only are there two sides to a question, but there are those who can see both when they would prefer to see one. In considering the collecting of scraps—ephemeral bits of information from periodicals, old plates of forgotten people and obscure places, notes and queries concerning this, that, and the other—we may view either face of the shield.

To one who is not a knight of the scissors and the mucilage-bottle we may exclaim, "What a dreary old age you are preparing for yourself!" and smile superior at the heedless mortal. Or we may grin at the poor creature who snips a column and three-quarters from his newspaper, and make plain allusions to the "ragman."

As others rescue from the flood of years the postage-stamps commemorating Columbus, the coin that outlasted Tiberius, or the spoon that once caused a revolution in Washington's teacup, the collector of scraps and clippings detaches and drags ashore the infant facts that may one day grow significant. The historian will save the great timbers that are the foundation-beams for the future, but the scrap-man has an eye for the odd bits that may come in use if "kept for seven years."

The pen did for the past. Evelyn, Pepys, and other chroniclers laboriously created their scrap-books by writing scraps. The modern universal gossip needs not to write. The scissors are his weapon, and the scrap-book and portfolio his castle.

Of course the work is done professionally by the editors of numerous journals; but you might as well ask another to put your hat on for you as to delegate to him the selection of your own, your native scraps. Very likely he would pass over "the old shikaree's definition of a friend—'a man with whom you can go tiger-hunting'" (quoted by Huxley of Tyndall), or that queer Japanese saying, "The tongue is but a little thing, yet it can kill a man six feet high." He would, instead, perhaps, carefully treasure the exact measurements of the Great Eastern, or file for reference the fact that the flower seen by a bee is not the flower seen by any man—excellent items, no doubt, but what care I how queer they be, if they be not queer for me?

As a writer, an artist, a composer, has his own style, every scrap-man must likewise create his own environment. The bluebird's nest is not the robin's, and Charles Reade's scrap-books are not our scrap-books. A man is known by the scraps he keeps. Given a pile of newspapers, scissors, and leisure, and the addition of this man X, or the other man Y, shall produce incongruous results.

Indeed, the collections of the savants are not worthy of notice by the true amateur of scraps. He is no statistician. He knows too well that, sooner or later, all truly valuable information fossilizes into encyclopædias or other works of reference. He labors in another field. The scientific laborers are the draft-horses of progress—harmless, necessary students; but the scrap-man is the antiquary of literature. Imagination clothes his treasures with its rainbow tints. If his salvage proves to be of useful substance, and is one day adopted by the serious, well and good; but he did not save it because it was useful. He saved it because it was odd, queer, or curious.

It is an old device to prove the value of contemporary fads by looking forward, but none the less is the process convincing. What would one give to find Shakespeare's scrap-book, or Benjamin Franklin's, or any old Egyptian's, or some Assyrian's bricks?

So much for the golden side. The silver side may also be viewed with profit. It is only too easy to descant upon the folly of the gleaner who selects here and there a stalk while lost in the vastness of a great prairie wheat-farm. I fear that the prediction of the early destruction of all modern papers and books brings anything but dismay to the hearts of thousands. Compendiums, encyclopædias, dictionaries, chronologies, handbooks, and treasuries of information—the books of reference threaten to save chaff and wheat alike.

One often feels a virtuous glow when destroying an accumulation of printed papers: books, magazines, pamphlets, and journals are so bulky compared to the neat gray ashes left by the neat-handed flame! No doubt housewives' complaints are often justified. It *does* seem foolish to lug about bulky books bursting with their hoard of unconsulted scraps. But, as a handy tinkerer will dive confidently into his rusty, dusty, chaotic boxes, and draw out triumphantly the old brass knocker of his forefathers, and affix it to the outer portal amid the plaudits of fickle fashion, so the scrap-man, when the despairing inquirer writes to inquire for "those exquisite lines addressed to a bust of Socrates," and the editor ransacks his Bartletts and his Brewers in vain, drags forth from his mildewed scrap-book the last remaining copy of the stanzas.

Where would the classics be except for the squirrel-like hoardings of the past?

Political Economy has been too much in the world's eye; Literary Economy might fairly lay claim to its share of consideration. If we must learn from the one to see good in the saving of property, we should learn from the other to admire him who preserves that which is the productive capital of literary manufacturing.

As usual, however, the scrap-man has the defects of his qualities. He is seldom a specialist. If he has the true nose for scraps, he finds it impossible to confine his efforts to a single species. Now and then there comes a Darwin to systematize a chaos of facts, and a Spencer to synthetize information. But the ordinary every-day scrap-man is too

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apt to collect the words of a tramp's slang vocabulary as eagerly as he files the record of the "Charlton Spur."

Often, therefore, he becomes pitiable. To see an ardent, simple-minded scrap-man struggling with a pile of newspapers, an enormous pair of squeaky shears, a sticky mucilage-bottle, and his helpmeet's undisguised scorn, is saddening indeed.

Some few, young at the pursuit, invent "systems" meant to be convenient of reference, compact of stowage, and neat of appearance. But the old stager listens to these Utopians with a scornful yet loving smile. He, too, has had his systems, and seen their constitutions become enfeebled day by day until they faded away. He knows that the true scrap-man never refers to his scraps; there are others for that part of the pursuit. His duty is simply to haul scraps ashore and deposit them above high-water mark.

It is said that humorists are melancholy. Often they have some secret grief. But to the eye of the keen observer of human foibles little things are significant.

To the sympathetic scrap-man this fact is eloquent: Mark Twain is the inventor of a scrap-book.

"Above That Which is Written"

A Parable

By Katharine P. Woods

There was once a musician who, in the course of his musical studies, discovered in himself the power to perceive certain sounds inaudible to the rest, or at least to the large majority of the rest, of mankind. Perhaps he was elated, certainly he was pleased, at this discovery, and he proceeded straightway to construct a flute which, in addition to the usual scale or gamut, possessed two notes above the normal limit—notes inaudible to all but himself. Yet they were, of course, but repetitions of well-known portions of the scale, only at a higher pitch; and by their aid the musician was able to compose and render melodies of wondrous sweetness and compass—melodies worthy, in the opinion of their author and sole auditor, to be sung by angels; and with these he delighted himself continually.

Now, there dwelt near the musician an aged hermit, famed for holiness through all the country round; and to him came one night, in a vision, a word from the Lord; and he arose and went to seek the young musician. And when he had found him he said, "My son, play for me."

So the young man played; and, when he had finished, he said, "My father, heardest thou *all* the melody? were there no silences in the song?"

"Nay," said the hermit, "no silences; but two notes so sweet as never mortal pipe hath breathed till now: sweeter than love and truer than truth."

Wherewith he was silent, and gazed steadfastly upon the young man from out the shadow of his huge black cowl.

The player also was silent for a space, with his brow sunk upon his hand. And at last he said: "My father, what is sweeter than love?"

"Love," replied the hermit.

"And what," said the player, "can be truer than truth?" But like an echo the hermit answered:

"Truth."

Then again the player bent his head in thought. And after some moments he sprang to his feet and cried, "I hear!" as though he understood whereof the holy man had spoken.

But, lo! the hermit was gone, for his message had been told.

Now, it must be said that in that country and in that time the notes of the scale had other names than now, and these were the names thereof: Love, Truth, Pardon, Peace, Purity, Steadfastness, Humility; the which repeated themselves in endless octaves, ever higher and higher—since the limits of the ear be not the limits of sound—and were blended and intermingled in infinite variety of chord and cadence.

So, when the hermit had gone, the Player said to himself, "May not others also have 'ears to hear'?" whereupon he took his flute and repaired to the neighboring city.

Now, as he walked through the streets thereof, playing, behold, he noted that the people were greatly moved; but that different classes answered to the various keys, as though they themselves had been pipes of a great world-organ, and he their master. Mothers responded ever to the note of Love; the aged and the careworn to the note of Peace; while many an outcast thrilled through all her sinful being in answer to the clear, sweet melody in the sad, plaintive minor key of Humility. But there were few who responded to the song of Truth, unless it were pitched very low; only to the little children no key came amiss.

Therefore, when he had won, as he believed, the hearts of the people by the melodies they knew, the Player sounded before them the two supernal notes.

But upon their ears they fell like silence.

Then he besought them to listen, and played, one by one, the notes they knew; and above them all—sweet, clear, true as a dream of heaven—the notes supernal. But they could not hear; yet, because they loved him, they believed that the notes were. And as he passed through all the city, sounding them upon his magic flute, here and there one and another would pause, listen—then, perchance, he would shake his head and go on upon his way as one who heard not; or, it may be, turn, throw himself at the feet of the Player, and pray to become his disciple. Then the heart of the musician was glad within him. Yet how to bring the deaf ones to the hearing of these notes?

The Player had now become very famous; not by his own will, but by the love of the people: for indeed he drew after him the hearts of all, most sweetly and mightily. Gold for the asking might have been his, but he would none thereof, dwelling meanly and faring simply as of old, and wandering day by day through the streets, playing to whoso chose to listen. And when the silence that fell around him told of the breathing of those supernal notes, the people bowed before him, and revered him as a god.

Yet in all this the Player was not altogether content.

Two notes supernal? but why not *three?* and the faint, far-away echo of that note, unheard, haunted his dreams by night and filled his thoughts by day. And by nicest calculation he wrought another flute which should have sounded it; but even to his ears the breathing of that note was silence. But the name thereof was Pardon.

Now, it chanced that in that city there dwelt two sisters, daughters of a musician who had not scorned the gifts of the people. Wherefore the sisters were rich, and dwelt in sumptuous chambers, faring, also, ever upon dainty meats; yet was the elder of them sickly and a cripple. But in her eyes was a wondrous gladness, and on her lips a smile of peace. The younger sister was fair and strong, gifted also by heaven with a voice of such rare melody that she feared to injure it by singing overmuch to the people; wherefore, though they honored the gift that was in her, herself they loved but little. In truth, she was rather wont to sing for her own pleasure than for the pleasure of others; and caring, also, little for any music but her own, it befell that, though many whispers had come to her of the magic flute, she had not yet heard a note thereof. As for the elder sister, she might not venture, of her own will, anywhither.

Now, it chanced upon a certain day that, as he walked through the town, the Player turned into the streets where rose in their splendor the dwellings of the rich; though he was not wont to seek out those who of themselves might seek his music and his teaching. And, as he played, he paused beside the home of the sisters; and the melody that breathed through the magic flute was the sweetest heard as yet outside of heaven. And when he sounded the notes of Love and Truth, the crippled sister folded upon her breast her worn, white hands and smiled in still content; but when that third sweet sound was breathed into the silence, unbroken even to the ear of the Player himself, the girl sprang erect upon her couch, and, crying out, "Pardon! Pardon! and beyond is Peace!" fell back and died for very joy thereof.

But the beautiful singer knew not of this. She looked

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down from her casement, and her eyes drew up towards themselves the eyes of the Player. Then a rose from her bosom fell at his feet, and so began the beginning of the end. Wherefore it was surely needless that so fair a maid should claim to hear the notes supernal, and thereby stain her soul with falsehood and deceit; yet was her question to the Player only whether he could teach her to sing, as well as hear, their wondrous cadences. But at this he shook his head and smiled; yet the beauty of the maiden had shone so long and deeply through his eyes into his heart that it bore fruit in a new song of rare and exquisite melody. And afterwards he took in his the fair hand of the singer and spake sweet words to her. For were it not well, he said, that they should wed; they to whom alone supernal Love and Truth had been revealed? And because his face was fair and his voice was passing sweet, also the clasp of his hand was warm and tender, the heart of the singer clave to him with a great love, and she became his wife.

But the people loved her not; and the words that they spake of her pride and falsehood, of her hardness of heart and bitter contentiousness, and of the lovers she had allured by her beauty to die for her sweet sake, were sad to hear; aye, even her one only sister, said they, had perished by her neglect. But the Player knew well that the sweet soul of the cripple had passed away in an ecstasy of joy, like a moth in the fire of his melody; and for the rest, the singer looked into his with radiant, loving eyes, and it sufficed him. Yet the people would not be content therewith, but cast them forth from the city, both her and her husband; believing not that the notes supernal might be heard by such as she; and even of the Player whom they had loved, they said, "If a voice like hers be Love and Truth for him, he hath deceived us. Away with him!"

Then these two went forth and dwelt in a cave by the seashore; and the winds and waves chanted their bridal song. Also there sounded in the strong, sweet soul of the Player many a harmony till then unheard of man; and the ears of the singer were filled with the ocean melody; wherefore she leaned her fair head upon her husband's bosom, and his arm was round her waist, and both were well content.

Now, in course of time, a child came to the ocean cave. His hair was like the clouds of a golden morning, and his eyes as the blue of the summer sky; moreover, his young voice had the sweetness of the magic flute; and as he grew apace, he learned the music of the waves and the song of the sea-shells. Therefore the heart of the father was glad within him; but the mother was sad and would not be comforted.

Now, at eventide, the Player—his work all done—would have pleased both her and himself by the strains of his magic flute, and he would also have had her sing a melody well known to both, where to the notes supernal her sweet voice bore a wondrous harmony. But when the silence—ah! to him so full, but to her empty save for her own voice—when such silence came between them, the heart of the woman could bear no more, and, falling at his feet, she told him all.

And the heart of the Player grew dull and cold within him, his cheek grew pale, and his dark eyes dull and glassy; but because he had loved her, he said no word, only, with a touch of his hand on her fair hair, he left her alone; and the woman wept all the night. And on the morrow she said: "My husband, canst thou not forgive?" Whereto he answered, kindly: "Yea, thou art forgiven!" and left her alone that day also. And it so befell for many days.

But because she loved him tenderly, the heart of the woman grew strong for very misery, and a set purpose grew within her. And even when he was absent, casting the nets or selling fish in the city for their subsistence, then through the magic flute would she breathe her fine, sweet breath, striving to sound the notes that she had feigned to hear, and would call upon the boy to listen.

Thus it came to pass that as the Player returned to the cave one golden eventide, he heard from the magic flute those notes of Love and Truth sounded till then by his own lips alone on earth, and in the face of his laughing boy he read that to the child also the silence was alive with melody. Then into the eventide there stole a third note, faint, sweet, tender, the note he had longed to hear; and, clasping his wife in his arms, he cried out for her Pardon.

And the west was golden with the glory of the dying sun; the sea glowed with opalescent radiance; the child was in their arms, and in each heart true and pardoning Love.

And beyond was Peace.

His Humble Ambition

By George I. Putnam

The little clerk from the book-store was very happy while his affair with the tall music-teacher was on, principally from the augmented sense of complacency with which every young fellow is afflicted when he discovers, single-handed, the Nicest Girl in the World, and reflects that no other fellow has ever equaled him in sagacious discernment. But when it came to an end that admitted of no happy sequel, he was most miserable; and no more so from the disappointment than from the sympathy of his fellow-lodgers, which excited itself in his behalf. It was shown in eloquent glances and wordless movings of the lips on the part of the ladies; while the gentlemen slapped him between his narrow shoulders, shouted, "Brace up, old man!" in a tone of encouragement for an army corps, and claimed to be equally with himself at the heart of his sorrow. In the houseful of his friends he was quite alone, for their ready condolences appeared to veil ironical smiles (it seemed that each of the gentlemen had been through the experience more or less thoroughly several times), and he was driven back upon himself by the very force of their effusions.

"I do wish they wouldn't!" he despaired in his room, pacing its three long strides up and down, and rumpling his flat brown hair with his soft fingers. Ah! but they would. And so he forsook these lodgings in which he had learned to love and to dream, and moved to others further down town, where he was quite unknown. There was a practical advantage in this: he was so near his place of employment that he could save on car-fare. But in the sad light of his cruel disappointment he had no longer any reason for saving nickels—or even dimes!—he told himself in one wild burst of desperation when extravagance seemed his only road to a reconciliation with fate; and the reflection came upon him as a last cruel buffet, causing him to draw a long, regretful sigh.

The October days that followed fed his melancholy. The ripeness of summer was gone, and in rural places Nature's auction-flag was out; but the trees in the square through which he walked to his retail counter of late books got rid of their summer goods at an abominable sacrifice, scarce advertising the sale. They were like prisoners in the environment of walls, their roots covered with stone and asphalt to prevent escape; they observed the changing seasons perfunctorily and without joy; and the fall winds crying over the naked twigs voiced their lament. The little clerk understood these sighs and sobs, and was grateful in his heart for the sympathy they expressed. It was as his own voice wailing to him from afar; and he heard in it no promise of a future spring.

He came from the west through the square on a morning when early fall was laying a chill finger on the world. The elms had been among the first to give up the fight for summer's retention, and were strewing their brown, crumpled leaves thickly upon the asphalt. Men were sweeping them with rattan brooms into little heaps, and the dark water in the gutters was banked by them into cold, repellent pools. Green creeping vines were faded in places, and were taking on, in a subdued, listless way, the tint of the bricks they had striven to hide. Before him rose a white marble arch—local monument of a national pride; he saw it outlined through the baring branches. Away to his right, on the south of the square, a bright red cart

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jigged merrily along a sunlit street, giving a welcome dash of color. In the shade men walked with brisk feet; where the sun broke through they stopped to buy a paper, or intentionally loitered; and on benches blessed by the sun they sat—swarthy men, undersized, with hollow cheeks, strange beards, and sharply suspicious eyes, reading the news of the day in local French and Italian papers. They were strangers, expatriated. The little clerk felt drawn to them; he would have been glad to gain their confidence, to conquer the distrustful glance with which they regarded him and all passers who were native. He was full of sympathy for them. Had they not known disappointment in their lands beyond the sea? experienced reverses that caused them to seek in exile the only balm? He reasoned thus in simple goodness of heart. He judged only by outward appearance, although in his deep sense of personal sorrow and bereavement he thought he penetrated to the very springs of action. Suppose, thought he, that he had taken his disappointed heart to France or Italy; would he not have blessed one who found a kindly interest in him there without seeking to know too much of his past? He had not cared so much for the world, in the days of his joy; but now that sorrow was come upon him, all men were his brothers. He thought that many might have failed of joy; but sorrow, he perceived, was the lot of all. He did not regard himself as permanently blighted—his happiness was simply passing through an eclipse; but he did not like to be reminded by others of the darkness, did not wish to dwell upon it to them. These people on the benches, lonely in the face of his ready friendship, their unaccustomed air often accented by garments of a foreign make, seemed to be like him in this; and he was sure that he could have sat by one of them and have been friends from the start, because of this similarity.

He was not always in this mood. When he was with the other clerks in the store—fellows who knew nothing of the music-teacher—he was as jolly as they, and laughed readily at their wit. Sometimes he would even venture on a joke himself, though often with no success. His fellows in the store were inclined to patronize him, and thought he was a little "soft." Before them he was ashamed of his emotions, and tried to assume the Broadway ease of swagger that characterized them; but he had to force himself to it. The pleasures upon which they dilated in whispers when the chief was momentarily absent, seemed to him doubtful despite his effort to believe in them. He never spoke of his fancies about the people in the square; he would have expected to be laughed at.

He passed slowly through the square—he always allowed himself time for this—glancing mildly right and left at the people on the benches. For the greater part they were meanly garbed, and their hands were not pretty; they were workers. He knew the object of their work—happiness; he himself approximated to happiness when at work. He thought less about the pain in his heart then.

He reached the fountain in the center of the square and paused idly, looking at the plants that grew in the basin. They clustered about numbered stakes that referred the inquiring mind to a board whereon the names of the plants could be found, and he walked round the fountain till he came to it—a board taller than himself, covered with names longer than his own. *Nymphæa alba candidissima* was at the head of the list. He could make nothing of it; what could it be to these people around him, who lacked the literary training afforded him by his position in the book-store? *Nymphæa Marliacea chromatella*, *Nymphæa rubra*—a woman who had been standing near moved away, her curiosity satisfied. She had not seen the board, only the tall shrubs in the border. A broad-hipped, sloping-shouldered Italian mother, she awoke from a day-dream of a sunny land, where autumn brings no vain regrets as a condition of its being, and began to call a child she could no longer see. *Lymnocharis Humboldtii*, *Cyperus papyrus*—a chubby olive face was protruded cautiously from behind the board, on the line with his reading, and two beady black eyes snapped at him in infantile enjoyment of the mother's discomfiture. She was crying for the child by the opposite rim of the fountain, and he was concealed from her by the spreading bushes.

The appearance of the head, thrust out by inches, had given the little clerk a start; but after that he enjoyed being taken into confidence and made a party to the maternal anxiety. He even liked it because it added to his sense of regretful retrospect. Children, and especially little children, had now this power over him—that the sight of them introduced an element of complication into his brooding over the What Might Have Been. This child, he saw, was dark indeed, with black eyes; and it was with resentful embarrassment that he remembered that the Nicest Girl in the World was also dark, and that her black eyes had in their depths as much innocent tenderness as any babe's.

The head was thrust out and drawn back a half-dozen times. The eyes blinked with delightful solemnity in his direction. Half in reproach, half in playfulness, the little clerk raised a finger and enchained the child's attention; and then the mother, swooping around the circle, came upon him unawares.

What she said the little clerk never knew, but he was astounded at her volubility. His acquaintance had never been extended to include people with emotional tongues. She spoke with a vigor that strained even the flexible Italian expressions, imploring the child by every hope of joy, every fear of pain, to come forth before the policeman should discover it on the forbidden ground. There was yet time, for the policeman's back was turned, and hot peanuts were in his immediate front. She cajoled, she threatened, she promised, and all in vain. The child was pleased to find himself in the midst of vines and bushes; and, perceiving that the mother dared not follow, he scrambled to his feet and backed away from her, starting on a tour of exploration.

"I—I—sha'n't I get it for you—that baby?" stammered the little clerk, seeing the futility of the mother's endeavor. It was like him to offer his services hastily, and afterwards to cut a pitiably ridiculous figure in well-meant attempts at assistance. He had no plan for capture; he did not think of trespassing on that soil which it was the policeman's duty to protect from profanation of foot. He made his offer from a vague general desire to be helpful to any he saw in trouble. She seemed not to have heard him—his voice and manner were quiet and ladylike—and she would not have understood his words, although she might have divined his motive. She threw herself upon the granite coping and made a desperate grasp at the child. He, gurgling at his success in escape, stumbled back over a tenacious creeping vine, and fell into the water of the basin.

The scream of the mother rent heaven, and even diverted the attention of the policeman from the peanuts. But the little clerk, quite forgetful, in his excitement, of the legal dangers he incurred, sprang into the shrubbery, dropped upon the delved soil, lay forward, and, reaching into the basin with one arm, lifted the unfortunate child out and restored him to his mother.

"Here's your baby—the water was cold, do you know? You'd better change its clothes quickly," he said, in his small, even tones. He extended the child at arm's length toward the mother, and cast a disapproving glance over his own soiled raiment. "I can never go to the store like this," he thought. The policeman came up, but he said nothing of arrest. He even nodded his helmet at the little clerk with evident approval.

"You done noble, young feller," said he, hoarsely. "That was first-rate. I wouldn't have thought it of you, seeing you go by every day."

"But what else could I have done?" asked the little clerk, finely, in honest surprise.

The policeman eyed him narrowly, fearful of being made a butt.

"Well, nothing else, *you* couldn't, I guess," he said at length.

The mother fawned upon him extravagantly. She would have embraced him had he not fended her off. And when he finally escaped her bodily presence, she followed him

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with loudly fervent protestations of her gratitude. He could not get her literal meaning, but the circumstances enabled him to make a free translation; and he knew that he had overstepped his confining bounds and made an entry into the heart of one of these timid-seeming, sad-faced people. More: he had demonstrated that between heart and heart there is neither national nor linguistic frontier. And he was glad.

He hurried back to his room and made a hasty change of attire, and walked to the store as fast as he could. But he was not in season to avoid the displeasure of the chief.

"You are late this morning," said he, sharply.

"It was an accident—" the little clerk began, apologetically, quite ready to clear himself with an explanation.

"*Accident!*" sneered the chief, interrupting; and he added, significantly, "That sort of accident don't happen more than once."

The little clerk turned to his counter. His fellow-clerks smiled unpleasantly at the reproof. As he saw this he threw up his head, as though he would reply to the chief at length—then walked away meekly.

"No, sir," said he, simply.

Justus

By Arthur Chamberlain

Justus the scribe, whom knowledge cannot sate,
Yet lacking still in deeper wisdom, sends
This scroll to Phavey, learned in the Law,
Wishing him health and joys and large increase.

The camels have been purchased; mighty bales
Are heaped within the storehouse; all things move
As we have purposed—nothing lacks save tents;
Once those are ready, speedily we meet
To fare forth, in the gladness of the spring,
Across the desert with our caravan.
Oh, joy! to leave behind these dusty scrolls,
And feel the free air blowing in the face!

I said the tents are lacking:—a strange thing
Befell me when I hunted up the man,
The maker of those tents—ah, pardon me
A long digression. You may yet recall
That Teacher (crucified, I think, since then;
So runs the rumor) whom I tried to pose,
But fared but second-best with; whom I asked,
"Who is my neighbor?" and was told a tale
That left no choice of answer saving, "He
Who showed the mercy"—all unwilling, I,
Compelled to own a good Samaritan
And leave both priest and Levite self-condemned.
Far worse, compelled to take the outcast's deed
To be my own example: thou dost know
We questioned what this teaching might portend.

Aye, here comes in the maker of our tents!
I found him, short in stature, wizened up,
Low bent above his needle. Hastily
I flung a rough speech at him: "Come! The tents?
How long am I to wait thy pleasure, pray?"

He raised his face; there was no look of fear.
No, nor of anger: peaceful as a man
Who hears the call that bids him cease from work
And turn him to our holy Sabbath rest,
He answered: "Brother, 'tis not long to wait.
My work, be it my pleasure or my pain,
Shall end in God's good time; 'tis time enough."
"Brother"! I see your smile, its tolerance
At such presumption mingling with its scorn.
Yet—I will bide your jest—those calm, deep eyes
Fixed upon mine; that steady, gracious voice—
It was as if some great and mighty lord
Had hailed me, "Brother!"—raised me, by that word,
To his high state and royal dignity.
I felt abashed and honored. You will smile
At my confession; I have been at pains
To learn what moved this man to answer thus.
It seems—you will not credit it—he saw
Something; he heard, yet scarcely may express—
A tangle truly! Yet, when sifted out,
It comes to this: that Teacher whom we met
Appeared to him, though crucified and dead;
Yet living, so this man avers; and he,
One Saul (though now called Paul), a Pharisee
Zealous for our religion, beating down
The handful who were walking in the Way—
So calleth he that Teacher's doctrine—turned
To walk that Way with them; and all his lore
(For he is deeply learned in our Law)
He counts mere chaff and emptiness; proclaims
An universal message that completes
The sacred Law of Moses which we hold,
Aye, and the teaching of the Prophets, too.
This Way is one in which all men may walk,
No secret doctrine for a hidden shrine,
No weighing of the letter—grave disputes
As to the proper breathing of the God;
No subtleties, praised in the Academe;
Simple, and yet audacious past all guess:
One God, and all mankind his children—sons
(So Paul affirms) of one great Fatherhood,
And brothers, therefore, in one brotherhood;
This is the Way that Teacher did reveal—
The Christ (so Paul declares) who came to us
Coming to all men—Greek, barbarian, Jew—
Proclaiming, not a new theocracy
Administered by priest and Levite—Rome
Meanwhile o'erthrown, Jerusalem upraised
To be the Holy City of the world—
No worship of the Temple; but its shrine,
Holy of Holies, in the hearts of men;
One kingdom of one family divine
Walking the Way in which the Christ hath walked,
Himself the perfect Son, Lord. Leader, Friend,
Great Elder Brother of humanity,
Living in perfect love to God and man,
Dying that man might know that perfect love
And find at once its power and its peace.

Strange doctrine! And its issue, who can tell?
The common people throng to hear him preach.
"We, friend, are wiser," do I hear you say?
Oh, I admit it: Cæsar wears the crown;
No king but Cæsar! That's a loyal cry.
Why, were this teaching followed to its end
In very deed, 'twould topple Cæsar down,
Discredit rank, o'erthrow authority,
Make riches vanity, and leave to man
Naught save his naked manhood: 'tis a dream,
A not ignoble dream, but still—a dream.
What this world is, we know; what it has been
So 'twill remain: the dream will fade and pass.

Yet—so fantastic have I grown of late—
What if, when our long line of camels sways
Across the desert under those first stars
That twinkle in the cool of evening's sky,
We were to abdicate, as Paul has done,
Put off our state, count all our learning null,
Call camel-drivers brothers, share their toil,
Munch their dry dates, break bread with them, and drink
Not wine, but water from the common store?
Methinks we might draw closer each to each,
Thrill with a larger life, speak heart to heart,
And in this wider sympathy with men
Gain deeper knowledge of Jehovah—God
(So this new Way affirms) of all mankind!
What say you? Shall we put it to the test
In our long marches o'er the wilderness,
With the blue sky above us, the glad earth
Beneath us, and the free wind in the face?

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The Home

A Serious Question

The right time to overcome an evil is when it first shows itself. The cumulative properties of evil are well understood; the first tolerance is equal in effect with the evil itself. The courage of woman is also well understood; when she sees an evil she is ready to attack it. Her courage increases as the evil threatens her home. An evil, the extent of which is beyond the imagination to estimate, now threatens the home. The black dress suit for men is, it is alleged, to be supplanted by a colored suit. Every woman knows what an amount of time, strength, and gray matter she uses in the selection of clothes for herself; the doubts and fears as to choice of colors; the agonies of matching; the horror of discovering that, after all her care and expense, the colors selected are most unbecoming. This burden of clothes has been recognized as so great that it has been proposed that women should adopt a uniform.

That men have accomplished as much as they have in the world has been attributed to their freedom from the annoyance of clothes. The tailor settled the question of cut and color, and man's burden has been a small matter as to clothes. Perhaps this introduction of color into the dress suits of men is only one of the many steps taken to equalize the sexes. When a lawyer, editor, poet, banker, statesman, has to struggle with the question of evolving a half-dozen evening suits out of the price of one, he will be brought more nearly to the level of the problem that has long been recognized as one of the strongest shackles that hold women to a lower plane.

But there is an evil threatening the home. Think of the problem when a woman has to consider the color of her husband's evening suit and the probabilities of its contrasting well with hers, or whether she has chosen the colors that will be becoming to him! This will be her duty very often, for she now has to buy his neckties because they are bits of color, and if left to him for selection he would appear more than half the time as an indication of what not to buy.

No, woman must, for her own preservation, rise up and protest against the threatened innovation, unless she feels that it means the subjugation of the sex down to the level of equality of difficulties. Imagine a man, whose trousers had outlasted his coat, coming home after hours of shopping, worn out in body and mind because he could not match his coat, and could not afford to have a whole new suit! He could not leave it to the tailor, for he could not afford to pay the tailor for the extra trouble.

What shall woman do?—sit down and wait for the hour of sweet revenge, or rise and protest against the new burden which will be laid upon her if her husband goes into colors?

Comment Needless

The following is told as having happened in a school located in that part of Brooklyn known as Dutchtown. The teacher of the class was asking questions in arithmetic when the principal came in.

The principal looked on for a minute, and then said:

"I can give a question in subtraction that every scholar in the class will answer."

"I doubt it," said the class teacher; "you don't know how stupid some of them are."

"Scholars!" said the principal, "if your mother sent you for a pint of beer and gave you ten cents to pay for it, how much change would you bring home?"

All but one of the children (there were forty-six of them) gave the correct answer.

The Mother-in-Law's Place in the House

By Marion Harland

The "in-law" is in itself definitive. That she is in the house at all is not of nature or of natural selection, but because there is a legal bond between her and one of the united heads of the household.

This may be likened to the sheath that protected the human flower while the folded petals gained form and comeliness, growing first into the bud, then into the expanded blossom. With a majority of flowers, the stout cloak, having accomplished its mission, shrivels and falls. With others—notably with the rose—it modestly shrinks out of view beneath the matured efflorescence of the nursling, yet lends support to petals that, were it rent away, would open too widely and too soon for their own safety.

A more apt and a homelier simile was put before me a while ago, as a conundrum:

"Why is a mother-in-law like an umbrella?"

The answer was brutally frank:

"Because she is of no particular use except in stormy weather."

There was a polite outcry, of course, two members of the class thus relegated to the rank of domestic conveniences being present. The older of the twain had her say when the clamor ceased:

"Since into each life some rain must fall, isn't it well for every family to be provided with an umbrella?"

By the time that a woman has married children, she should—if she has improved her advantages of observation and experience—have sufficient knowledge of perspective and values to appreciate the profound good sense of the white-haired grandmother's acceptance of the situation.

The wedded pair, with their children, form a complete "home" if each does his or her part therein. If the presence of the mother of wife or husband under the roof-tree be an absolute necessity—if she be a working member of the close corporation—there is a weak point somewhere in the machinery. As an "understudy" she may impart a feeling of security to the principal actors of the company. She is not, and ought not to be, named in the cast.

A brother is born for adversity. The mother-in-law has her day, but it should not be every day. There is manifest mercy in this order of Providence and custom. However beloved and active, she is one of the old things that must pass away, leaving the new to work out the history of the rising generation. The heat of the battle should be over with her by now; the strain and stress of daily labor should be laid upon shoulders that are not bowed with years of burden-bearing. Her nearest approach to participation in the toils and responsibilities of the firm that carries on the business at the old stand is that of silent partner—one to be consulted when experience and calm judgment are required to back up energy and to temper impetuosity.

Sometimes the husband, sometimes the wife, and not infrequently both, are unwittingly guilty of positive cruelty in failing to perceive and act upon this obvious truth.

"Mother" has brought up a family of children creditably, steering them through the breakers of infantile diseases, and piloting them between the rocks of temptation and over the shallows of self-confidence. She is better than a doctor when illness attacks one of the little brood, wiser than preacher or teacher when moral discipline is needed. If the boys are rude or naughty, the girls vain or indolent, the servants careless or impertinent, she is called in to judge the case. The merest breeze of domestic discomfort is the occasion of appeal to this oracle. However grateful and affectionate the appellants may be for services rendered, she cannot but be conscious that unreasonable, because unseasonable, demands are made

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upon her. She is made to possess the activities of her youth when age calls for comparative quiet.

The mother of a teething infant, who allows her mother or her mother-in-law to share or to relieve her of the vigil that robs the younger woman of bloom and strength, forgets that she has reserves her senior has not. The reservoir of nervous forces is soon replenished at thirty; it fills up sluggishly and with effort at sixty.

The "dear girl"—whom "Mother" would, if she had her loving way, send to a distant chamber to get one good night's rest, while she, as her substitute, walks the floor with the fretful child, or lies upon the lounge, with her hand upon the cradle—will soon repair the waste caused by watching and weariness. When baby gets into better habits, color will return to the young mother's cheek, and elasticity to her frame. Lines drawn in the faces of the old are not to be erased until death smooths them out and restores a hint of youth to lip and brow. Every time that Mother gets "tired down," Time scores, not one, but ten against her.

To recur to the umbrella figure—which pleases me mightily—he is a wise man who owns one, and carries it in threatening weather, and raises in stormy; but if the children are allowed to put it up whenever the whim seizes them to play that it is raining, or the father uses it habitually as a walking-stick, the best whalebone and silk will wear out prematurely.

We are so used to hearing that—"My mother keeps house for me, you know"—or, "I just leave the children with my husband's mother, when John and I want to go to Chicago, or California, or to Egypt"—or, "I have no anxiety about baby when Grandmamma is at home; she *will* insist upon taking the entire charge of him"—that we do not reflect upon what it all implies. It is violence done to God's order of nature. Once in a while a fruit-tree puts forth a few flowers in the autumn, but the effort is spasmodic, and bodes no good for next summer's fruitage.

The continual drain upon the sympathies and energies of our mother-in-law leaves her unprepared for exigencies when they arrive. She is less efficient than the "dear girl" had expected her to be when baby is attacked at midnight with membranous croup, and John confides to *his* mother—who does not live with him, having a husband and a home of her own—that he is surprised to see how little staying power Mary's mother has. "Why, she went to bed regularly used up, actually threatened with nervous prostration, as soon as Mary was pronounced out of danger, after that long spell of fever."

The umbrella is not storm-worthy, but whose fault is it?

As a moral force to be called upon in times of real need; a benign influence stealing like sunlight into younger lives; a treasury of the wisdom learned through experiences her juniors have yet to acquire—the mother-in-law is to be cared for respectfully and tenderly, if only for what she has done, and has been, and is in herself. She can be trusted not to be a drone in the hive. Her past services are discounted, and her office is dishonored, when she is made a drudge.

Margaret Sangster puts it playfully, but none the less strongly, in her new book of household verse, "On the Road Home:"

If Mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk;
And she'd let *you* do the trotting,
While she sat still in the chair:
That Mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me isn't fair.

To fill the hour and leave no crevice for repentance or approval—that is happiness.—*Emerson.*

If you can't pay for a thing—don't buy it. If you can't get paid for it—don't sell it. So you will have calm days, drowsy nights, all the good business you have now, and none of the bad.—*Ruskin.*

The Foundation Fact

A decorator, writing on the furnishing of a house, starts out with the declaration that before one article is purchased the furnishing of the whole house should be planned; that the groundwork should be laid in color as an artist plans a picture. This sounds very beautiful on paper, but lack of knowledge, lack of taste, and a limited purse are three obstacles to the carrying out of this beautiful idea. In the furnishing of a home, the first thing to be considered is how that home is to be used, the social standing of the family, the amount of money that can be expended each year on the house, the number of servants to be kept, if any, and the possibility of the furniture remaining stationary for the period of time that would insure the wisdom of adapting it to its first surroundings. It was comparatively easy, when the woodwork of houses was painted, to buy furniture that would fit—that is, that would harmonize in almost any house; but in these days when even comparatively cheap houses are finished up in the natural wood, furnishing is not the light and easy matter that it was a few years ago. Starting housekeeping in an apartment where the so-called parlor is finished in mahogany, or in imitation of mahogany, and the dining-room in oak, and bedrooms in ash or maple, furniture can be bought which fits these surroundings, and a harmonious whole can be accomplished; but if the family are going to remain but a year or two in this apartment, and if they change to where the woodwork is just the reverse in every room from what it was in the apartment for which the furniture was bought, the effect can never be harmonious. Not only is there the lack of harmony in color, but pieces of furniture will not fit into the new home as they did into that for which they were purchased.

The enemy of pretty homes, in cities at least, is the almost constant change of location of families. It is this that makes the willow furniture, now so artistic in design, of particular value to the householder of limited means. Its lightness enables the cartman to move it without damage, its form seems to adapt itself to all surroundings, and its color fits equally well with any woodwork or wall-covering. The mistake that people of limited means make in furnishing is that they buy furniture that is heavy and awkward to handle for homes on which they have no claim beyond the payment of monthly rent. Another mistake that is made is that the homes are furnished too often according to the standards of the dealers in furniture rather than by the standards of family comfort and use. It is this that is the secret of so much discomfort in homes. An earnest-hearted woman, discussing this subject not long ago, said that flats were destructive of family life because they admitted of no privacy; that it need not be so if the American housekeeper did not so often make a fetish of her parlor, making it the place to receive an occasional call, and not a center of family life. The dining-room in the modern flat is so close to the kitchen that it is impossible to use it as a sitting-room; there are no bedrooms that can be utilized for that purpose, because of lack of space and light. The result is, the family have no living-room, unless the mistress of the house is wise enough to take the so-called parlor for that purpose.

Of course where there are children this is much more difficult to accomplish, for where the children are there should be absolute liberty—not license—of movement. There should be a place for the children to have their games, their books, and their little friends, and a small parlor in a flat does not afford this opportunity. To pay rent at the rate we do for a square foot of space in large cities, and then set aside one room as sacred to the outside world, is a mistake. The home is for the family, and in furnishing it, as well as in using it, the family use is the important matter to consider, and not the standard of either the decorator or the furniture. Fortunately, art has ministered to utility, so that blind indeed is the would-be purchaser who cannot combine use and beauty. Things that look pretty in the store will not always look beautiful when put into the home. The mistake is in considering any article purchased by itself alone. It must be considered

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in its relation to the whole of the room. To get harmony there must be a resemblance rather than a contrast.

Overcrowding with furniture is one of the most common mistakes in the American home, just as the overburdening of the table with dishes is one of the most common mistakes in entertaining. We are sometimes led to feel that by mistake we have got into a bric-à-brac shop, or a high-class china shop, and that the wares are on exhibition. This is particularly so since we frequently find tables in our shops arranged to serve a dinner, and with wax or soap food arranged on the plates. There is a misapprehension that one of limited means cannot purchase directly from the art studios of the art decorators. The public is deeply indebted to the Associated Artists for the many beautiful materials and designs which they have for sale that are artistic in all which that word means, and yet are within the reach of even the limited purse. A visit to the rooms will at least educate the eye so that one would be better equipped to purchase in the stores. The furnishing of a home is not only a question of art, but of morals, for every home expresses the standards of those who occupy it. Its beauty or its ugliness, its nicety or its disorder, its harmony or discord, may be taken as the keynote to the character of those who make it.

Friendship Fund

The amount of the Friendship Fund last week shows how vital is the interest of our readers in the effort toward reducing the suffering and embarrassment of the working-girls of New York. It is necessary that this fund should be expended with the greatest care and delicacy. Untold harm has been done this winter by the impulsive and indiscriminate generosity to the poor. It will take years to remove the moral degradation that is the result of this winter's injudicious management of funds. It is difficult to create work without interfering with the legitimate channels of trade. The money loaned or given to the working-girls, as has been explained before, goes only to those whose circumstances are fully understood by the officers of the clubs or the friends of the girls who are administering the fund. We publish one letter from the President of one club whose judicious management of the share of this fund given into her hands cannot but arouse the enthusiastic admiration of those who know of it:

You have been more than kind in sending another check. The money will go towards one of our girls who tried very hard to take a position, but, on account of not having had proper food for a long time, she was unable to keep the position. It was necessary to send her to the country in order to regain her strength. She has just returned in a blooming condition, and I am sure is now able to go to work with a will.

The money will pay part of the expenses that were incurred, but I am afraid we cannot consider this a loan, as there will be no way of her returning it.

Previously acknowledged	$850 25
From a Friend, Canandaigua, N. Y.	5 00
S. A. D., New London, Conn.	1 00
A Valentine for Working-Girls	10 00
From the Girls of the Greenwich Union School	5 00
M. C. I., Asheville, N. C.	2 50
J. A. H., Sudbury, Vt.	1 00
Miss Dana's School, Morristown, N. J.	13 00
L. G., Hancock, N. Y.	2 00
Miss M. E. T., Sagaponack, N. Y.	10 00
C. E., Nebraska	2 00
A Teacher, Crown Point, N. Y.	2 00
B. F. K., Storrs, Conn	2 00
J. R.	5 00
	$919 75

From the Day's Mail

In the issue of The Outlook for December 30, in the Home Department, there was published an article entitled "Is it Practicable?" The gist of the article was that an expert accountant could be found who should keep the books for several charitable and philanthropic organizations; that if this were done it would be much more feasible to secure a man of prominence to act as treasurer, if he knew he would be free from all clerical labor. Two expert accountants, one of whom has had considerable experience in straightening the accounts of charitable organizations, can be communicated with by addressing the Home Department.

Dear Outlook:

One of your readers asks for a recipe for fly-paper. Spread sheets of common brown paper with a coating of melted glue. When thoroughly dry, cover with a preparation of castor oil one ounce and rosin three ounces heated together and applied while warm. This will secure the flies that are shut up in a room, and will also attract others through open doors and windows. I have been told that a window full of geranium plants will make flies disappear. Absolute cleanliness is a fly's worst enemy.

Dear Outlook:

In the issue of The Outlook of January 27 I notice request in your column from "F. A. Y." for a list of books on historical reading by cities. Some years ago I copied from some periodical (and I am quite certain it was from The Christian Union) such a list, which I have preserved. I inclose copy of the same, hoping it may be the one to which your correspondent refers.

M. E. P.

"Every fairly educated boy or girl ought to learn the history of five cities: Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, London; that of London including, or at least compelling in parallel study, some knowledge of the history of Paris."—*Ruskin.*

ATHENS.—History of Art (Greek Art), Lübke, Vol. I. Primer of Greek History, Fyffe. Primer of Old Greek Life, Mahaffy.

Auxiliary Readings: Athens (Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe), Symonds. Maid of Athens, McCarthy.

ROME.—Walks in Rome, Hare. Roma Sotterama, De Rossi. Christian Art and Symbolism, Tyrwhitt. Art Teaching of Primitive Church, Tyrwhitt.

Auxiliary Readings: Michael Angelo, Grimm. Raphael, Passavant. Marble Faun, Hawthorne. Signor Monaldini's Niece, Tinker. St. Francis d'Assisi, Oliphant.

VENICE.—Stones of Venice, Ruskin. Travels in Italy, Taine. Travels in Italy, Gautier.

Auxiliary Readings: Little Dorrit, Dickens. Venetian Days, Howells. A Foregone Conclusion, Howells. Life of Titian, Great Artists Series. Portraits of Places, James.

FLORENCE.—Makers of Florence, Oliphant. Mornings in Florence, Ruskin. Renaissance in Italy, Vol. III., Symonds. Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe (Florence and the Medicis), Symonds. Life and Times of Savonarola, Vilari. Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom, Owen. Travels in Florence, Vol. I., Taine.

Auxiliary Readings: Romola, George Eliot. Agnes of Sorrento, Stowe. Portrait of a Lady, James. Shadow of Dante, Rossetti. Casa Guidi Windows, Browning. Portraits of Places, James.

LONDON.—Walks in London, Hare. England of Dickens. Memorials of Canterbury, Stanley. Memorials of Westminster, Stanley. Great Hall of William Rufus, Harper's Monthly. Notes on England, Taine.

Auxiliary Readings: Judith Shakespeare, Black. Trumpet Major, Hardy. Chaplain of the Fleet, Besant. Henry Esmond, Thackeray. Our Old Home, Hawthorne. Peveril of the Peak, Scott. Henry V., Shakespeare. John Bull and His Island, O'Rell. Stories of Cathedral Cities, Marshall. Nicholas Nickleby, Dickens.

PARIS.—Modern France, Guizot. Art of French Renaissance, Patterson. French Cathedrals, Winkle.

Auxiliary Readings: Les Misérables, Hugo. Bell-Ringer of Notre Dame, Hugo. Tale of Two Cities, Dickens. Noblesse Oblige, Leisure Hour Series. Little Tour in France, James. Chaplet of Pearls, Yonge. Stray Pearls, Yonge. Madame Mohl, Her Salon and Her Friends, Kathleen O'Meara.

Keeping Together

"Harper's Young People" a short time ago told of a class of young girls, nine in number, who, realizing that they would be very busy after they left school, regretted the absolute separation that would occur unless they devised some means of communication. They knew that each girl could not correspond with the other eight, and one of their number suggested that a circular letter should be written—that is, that number one should write a letter, who would send it to number two, who in turn would send number one's letter, with one written by herself, to number three, and so on until the circuit was complete. Now each envelope received contained nine letters; the receiver then takes out her old letter, writes a new one, and starts the letters on their travels again.

In a school in New York the graduating class, eleven in number, had been together five years; the year they graduated they, too, felt that the close of their school life would mean the breaking of their very pleasant intercourse unless they could form some plan that would bring them together

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at stated intervals. They devised the idea of a lunch, and for five or six years after they left school these young girls met on an average once a month through the year at lunch, where each girl in turn became hostess. The lunches were very simple, so that there was no sense of burden. They were arranged for Saturday and served at half-past twelve, to give the guests time to attend a matinée if they so wished. Marriage has broken up the circle, so that now but three are left, but three times a year these three friends give a lunch in turn. If one of the girls who are married and gone from the city returns, she notifies the present President, and a lunch or evening company is always arranged, which includes as many of the old class and the members of their families as is possible. Not only has this plan made lifelong friendships of the individual girls, but it has really made close family connections. When they began giving their lunches, each mother, of course, presided at her own table, thus becoming acquainted with her daughter's friends. Among the most delightful of the results have been the warm friendships that have developed between some of the girls and the mothers of their friends. Not long since two of these members returned to the city, each with her two children, and never did four babies receive more adoration and pet ting than these four babies who were present at the lunches given to their mothers.

Standing on the piazza with a very sweet woman not long ago, the writer commented on two young men who were coming down the road, one her son-in-law, the other the son of a friend. She said: "Just think of it! My grandparents and his great-grandparents were warm personal friends all their lives; my father and mother and his grandfather and grandmother were also friends all their lives; his mother is my most intimate friend, and his father was my husband's most intimate friend; and now he is the most intimate friend of my son-in-law." Very rarely is friendship an heirloom through so many generations, but it certainly is delightful when friendships go back through childhood, and the years are just an accumulation of common memories. The time to begin to make friends is in school. Perhaps one of the deepest regrets that comes as we look back over life is the breaking of the warm friendships of school-days. We have lost these friendships because there has not been a real effort to keep them.

Jack and Jingo

By Annie A. Preston

I was waiting, one gray, chilly, late September day, at a little flag-station away in the deep, green country, but on the line of a popular through railroad, so that I felt, as I looked up and down the track, as if I could touch Boston with one hand and New York with the other, and I said to myself:

"In these days no place within reach of a railroad is out of the way, *no matter what its environment may be.*"

It was too early in the season to expect a fire in the one room of the pretty, pavilion-like station; so, to keep warm, I walked up and down the long platform of firm, evenly laid planks, enjoying glimpses of a silvery river under giant elms at the end of a broad stretch of smooth meadow, and admiring the flowers in the little railed-in park, wishing I could thank the one whose thought it was to have a bit of ornamental gardening at every station along the line.

Presently, a train coming swiftly and almost noiselessly from the vista of gnarled oaks in the distance, I asked the bright lad who had sold me a ticket, "Can that be my train?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, that is the pay-car. They will have to back out on the siding to let your train go by."

"There are a good many to be paid off for so small a place."

"It happens that there are two gangs of trackmen here to-day. They are putting in new frogs. See; this is a new patent. The part that comes next the rail is rubber. They are said to wear out quickly, but the company do not mind that so long as the trains roll smoothly."

"Are you not going for your pay?"

"I told Jack to get it for me. There he goes into the car, now, with Jingo."

"The man with the English setter at his heels?"

"Yes; there they come out again with the little white envelopes."

"Is Jingo on the pay-roll?"

"Well, not exactly, but he goes where Jack goes—that is expected around here."

The man came slowly up the track, walking with his head down, but the dog at his heels was alert, nothing escaping his vigilant eye.

As Jack stepped upon the platform and handed the youth his money, Jingo looked on as much as to say:

"You ought to thank me, too; I helped to get it for you!"

"How interested you are, Jingo!" I said, and the knowing creature pricked up his ears and looked at me, at his master, and then at vacancy in such a puzzled way that I said:

"Are you trying to remember if you have ever seen me before, Jingo? And are you wondering how I came to be so familiar with your name?"

He pricked up his ears again, but the retrospective look did not leave his eyes, and his master said:

"You like dogs, ma'am, I know, by the way you speak to this one."

"Yes, I am very fond of an intelligent dog. I have one at home, and although he is not free with strangers, he is not so hard to make friends with as this one is."

"Well, you see, Jingo's business makes him suspicious. I walk the track here nights, and Jingo, he walks too; if I stop, he stops; if I go on, he goes on. If a stranger comes about, he lets me know it. He don't fly at any one unless I say the word; but if I do, he is all ready to take a man by the bottom of his trousers, and his iron jaws come together with a snap. It makes me feel secure, you see. Oh, he's a treasure, and the very best of company. I tell you, money wouldn't buy him. I don't often speak of it, but he saved me an arm once, and lost a piece of his own tail—see?"

"How did it happen? Although I cannot persuade Jingo to wag his tail, he looks at me kindly, as if he expected you to tell me."

"That is so. You do know dogs pretty well, and no mistake. Well, it was that terrible stormy time in February a year ago last winter—remember? The wind blew a gale, and after a time the snow turned to rain, and, freezing as it fell, made the whole world into an iceberg, and it seemed to me that I was a little independent iceberg, skating wherever the wind sent me.

"It was impossible to keep the tracks clear. The telegraph wires were down, and we knew not what to expect.

"I tried to make Jingo stay inside by the fire, but he would not, and every time I made my way through the yard he followed.

"The midnight express was late, and, although I had been looking for it any minute, it came upon me unawares, and to save my wits I could not tell which track I was on. I sprang for the platform. My feet flew out from under me, and as I fell one arm dropped across the rail.

"I was stunned by the fall, with the cold, and with fright, but Jingo knew what he was about, for, seizing my arm, he drew it above my head, and the train went by, almost brushing my clothes, and nipping a couple of inches off Jingo's tail.

"Yes, 'twas awful. I have always felt since as if I belonged as much to the unseen world as to the seen; but many railroad men feel the same way. They are all the time running such narrow risks, such as no one knows of or thinks about or appreciates, that they get to believe that it is a pretty thin veil that separates one from the other."

"You are a hero, Jingo," I said, "and your master is another." Whereupon, as I boarded my train, the intelligent dog gave me his confidence so far as to wag his stub of a tail, but I think it was more on account of my tribute to his master than to himself.

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For the Little People

Told while Knitting the Mittens

Thumbo, the Pig

The next time that Johnny visited Grandmother's room she was knitting the thumb of the first mitten. Grandmother saw him in the hall and called to him.

"Come in, Johnny," she said. "I want to try on your mitten."

"Will you tell me another story?" asked Johnny, as he climbed into the easy chair.

"Perhaps so," said Grandmother, "if I can think of any. Hold out your hand and let me put the mitten on."

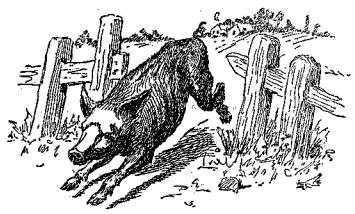
The mitten proved a beautiful fit. It was finished excepting the thumb, which was about half done. The knitting-needles pointed from it in all directions as Johnny's little white thumb came through.

"Thumbo-great!" said Johnny, and then, as Grandmother pulled off the mitten, he repeated, touching his fingers, one after the other: "Thumbo-great, Lick-pot-sweet, Long-man-John, Short-man-Tom, Little-spider-catch-a-man!" finishing up with the little finger.

"That reminds me," said Grandmother. "Those were the names of five little pigs that we had when we lived on the farm."

"Who named them?" asked Johnny.

"Your Uncle Frank," replied Grandmother. "He was a great hand for naming every live animal on the place. There were just five of the pigs that lived, so Frank gave them those



five names. We decided to keep Thumbo for our own use. We sold all the rest when they were large enough."

"And was Thumbo a smart pig?" asked Johnny.

"Indeed he was," said Grandmother. "He was altogether too smart. As he grew larger we gave him a pen to himself, but very little of the time would he stay in it. I often said that half of Frank's time that summer was spent chasing that pig.

"They tell about pigs being stupid," went on Grandmother. "Thumbo was anything but a stupid pig. He would root the earth up against his pen on the lowest side until he had a bank high enough to climb up and jump over. Then, when we nailed more boards on the top, he would burrow underneath until he had a hole large enough to crawl out under the pen."

"What a bad pig!" remarked Johnny.

"Yes, he was very troublesome," said Grandmother. "Your grandfather was alive then, and he had a beautiful garden. Thumbo would go straight for that garden every time, and two or three times a day we had a great time getting that mischievous pig out of the garden and into the pen, and mending the mischief he had done."

"What are you smiling about, Grandmother?" asked Johnny.

"Thumbo had one funny adventure," Grandmother replied. "I always smile when I think of it. He was a dreadfully curious creature, and his nose was into everything. One day I had washed out some glass preserve-jars. I turned them down on the sides to get dry in the sun before I used them again. Thumbo had got out of his pen, and came nosing around the kitchen door. He made a dash for one of those jars, and thrust his snout in the mouth. It fitted so tightly that he could not pull his snout out again. The more he thrashed and thumped the jar, the tighter he drove it on."

Johnny burst out laughing at the idea of Thumbo with the jar on his snout, and laughed so loudly that Taffy jumped down from his lap in fright and ran away.

"The poor pig was almost frantic," said Grandmother, "but he couldn't even squeal. Of course he soon broke the jar into pieces, but the rim fitted as tightly as ever. All his rubbings and thrashings wouldn't loosen it a particle. Round and round the yard he went, like a wild creature. His face began to swell about the jar-rim, and no doubt he was dreadfully uncomfortable. Finally he tired himself all out with running, and dropped down under a tree. Then Frank held him down on his side, and your grandfather took a hammer and broke the rim into pieces and so got it off. They had a difficult time holding the pig while they did it. I had to go out and help them."

"And did Thumbo behave any better after that?" asked Johnny.

"Not a bit," said Grandmother. "You can't teach a pig as you can a child. He was a troublesome fellow as long as we had him. At last we had to sell him, just as we did Lick-pot and Long-man and Short-man and Little Spider. I don't believe Thumbo ever made very good pork. He was too much of a racer."

"And is that all about Thumbo?" asked Johnny.

"That's all," said Grandmother.

Johnny went in to see his Uncle Frank, who was just finishing a picture of a beautiful vase.

"Uncle Frank," he said, "Grandmother has told me a story about your pig Thumbo, but it was a pretty short one. Won't you make me a picture and some verses about him?"

"By and by," said Uncle Frank. "But I can't stop to do it this morning."

So Johnny went quietly away. He had been taught that he must not disturb his Uncle Frank when he was at his work.

But that evening Uncle Frank brought down the promised picture and laid it on Johnny's plate at the supper-table. It showed a lean pig with a very tight twist in his tail, running at the top of his speed. Below the picture were these verses:

Thumbo was a racer
Who never could grow fat;
He traveled like a pacer
And burrowed like a rat.

He cost us hours of labor
As we chased him round the lot,
So we sold him to a neighbor,
And she cooked him in a pot.

Johnny had the verses about Mopsey and Thumbo repeated to him until he could recite them himself. Then he laid the pictures with the verses carefully away in a drawer of the little bureau in his room.

❀

A National Guard

We have heard a great deal lately about honoring the flag of the country. In many of our public schools the flag is saluted every morning, and in the kindergartens the little children learn to salute it. Mr. Depew tells a story of being asked to address an audience in a rough neighborhood. He heard that the last speaker had been pelted with eggs and vegetables. When this was told to Mr. Depew, he objected to making the address, as the treatment he received might be worse than that of his predecessor. The campaign manager in this locality said, "Oh, no, they won't; we will drape the American flag at the back of the platform and all around it, and those men would not throw anything at the flag." The experiment was tried, and it proved a success. The audience came prepared to throw missiles, but dared not throw them lest they should mar the flag which they honored.

❀

Difficult Moving

The new public library building in Copley Square, Boston, is nearly completed, and now comes the question of how the books can be moved from the old house to the new. It is a very difficult matter. The books must be cleaned, and books that belong together must be kept together, and the boxes in which they are packed must all be labeled in order to avoid confusion when putting to rights in the new home. In Berlin, Germany, a long time ago, eight hundred thousand volumes were moved from the old library to the new. It took twenty-four hours to move them, and the moving was done by a regiment of soldiers who carried the books, shelf by shelf, to the new building. They marched in file, kept step to music by a regimental band, and were under military discipline.

If books of a library do not occupy the same space on the shelves in the new building that they occupied in the old, it would be necessary to recatalogue the library, and it is estimated that it would take fifty years to complete the cataloguing of the Boston Public Library.

❀

A Disturbing Introduction

At the trained animal show in New York, recently, for the first time a goat was brought into the ring, after the lions and tigers had been chained to the bars on the inside of the big cage. The goat drew a little cart in which the tiger was supposed to ride. No sooner had the animals seen the goat than the lions and tigers made a spring for the center of the ring as far as their chains would let them go. The goat was terribly frightened, but was quieted by the trainer. It took a long time to quiet the animals down, and great care and management to prevent the tiger, who was to ride in the cart, from jumping on the back of the goat, but at last both animals went through the act, and when the audience assembled in the afternoon the animals behaved so quietly that the audience did not dream how nearly they had followed their natural instincts in the morning. The animals who perform together are kept in sight of each other all the time, lest if they were at all unfamiliar the flesh-eating animals might become uncontrollable.

❀

Queer Money

A French singer of great prominence, and a most charming woman, went to the Society Islands on a professional tour. Instead of receiving money for her services at the concert, she received five hundred cocoanuts, three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, and a lot of bananas, lemons, and oranges. The papers did not tell us how she carried the proceeds home.

❀

Out of Sight

There has been invented what is called a disappearing gun-carriage. The gun can be raised to the proper level to fire a shot, and immediately after discharging disappears from sight for reloading.

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Sunday Afternoon

What is Faith?[1]

By Lyman Abbott

But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar? Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect? And the scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called the Friend of God.—James ii., 20-23.

I have been asked to preach a sermon in answer to the question, What is faith? why does it stand so related to our life? what is its importance? and I have read this morning the story of Abraham, because the concrete answer to such a question is better than the abstract answer. Abraham stands in the Bible pre-eminently as a man of faith—the Father of the faithful. "He was justified by faith." "He walked by faith." "He had faith in God, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness: and he was called the Friend of God." Let us trace, then, the story of the life of Abraham; and in tracing this story we must try if we can put ourselves back in that olden time. We must remember that it was before Calvary, before Isaiah or Jeremiah, before a Temple or a Tabernacle, before Mount Sinai or Moses, before any great prophet, so far as we know, or any inspired word or any beginning of the Bible, before any church, any law, any disclosure—away back in that olden time when men worshiped things about them, and the highest type of worship was the worship of the sun and the moon and the stars. There lived in that age a man who also, with his comrades, worshiped the sun and the moon and the stars. This was the highest worship which the world then knew anything about. But it did not satisfy him. The Koran contains a legend of the way in which the dissatisfaction with this worship of the sun and the moon and the stars came upon him. I read it, not because it is authoritative, but because it is at least suggestive of the way in which the first germ may have opened in his life:

When night overshadowed him, he saw a star, and said, "This is my Lord." But when it set he said, "I like not those that set." And when he saw the moon rising, he said, "This is my Lord." But when the moon set, he said, "Verily, if my Lord direct me not in the right way, I shall be as one of those who err." And when he saw the sun rising, he said, "This is my Lord. This is greater than the star or moon." But when the sun went down, he said, "I am clear of these things: I turn my face to Him who hath made the heaven and the earth."

He went forth seeking liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, as our Pilgrim Fathers did, not knowing whither he went, also not knowing whom he was going to find. That is more important—not knowing whom he was going to find. No revelation of a God disclosed on Mount Sinai; no revelation of a God disclosed in successive revelations through the Old Testament prophecies; no revelation of a God manifested bright and clear in the life of Christ—simply this: Sun has set, moon has set, stars have set; these are not the object of my reverence: there is a Somewhat, a Someone, who is more worthy of my reverence than these; I will go and find him. So, coming into this strange land, he built an altar, as other men had builded their altars to their gods, and prepared his sacrifice, as other men had prepared their sacrifices to their gods, and gathered his family about this altar, as other men had gathered their families about the altars of their gods, and worshiped the great I AM. For he had come at last to believe this, that back of all phenomena of blazing stars, moon, and sun there was a great Someone, a great Somewhat, that deserved his reverence better than those; and he cared more for this God, though he did not know him, whose voice he imperfectly heard in his own heart, than he did for all material things. When, later, a quarrel broke out between his herdsmen and those of Lot, he said to Lot, You take the best of the land; and Lot took the best of the land; and Abraham stayed in the hill country, much as our Pilgrim Fathers welcomed the granite and rock-bound coast of New England rather than the fertile fields of England or of Holland, since in the wilderness they could find their God and follow their conscience. Still later, three men came to him, and, after the rites of hospitality had been fulfilled, these three men gave him the message that the God he served was going to destroy Sodom, where Lot was dwelling. Then he looked deeper than into sun and moon and stars; he looked into his own heart and conscience, and he saw written in his heart and conscience the law of righteousness; and he began to wonder within himself, Is not this God who rules and governs, who made the sun and moon and stars—is not he a righteous God? And so, when the men have gone their way, he begins to talk with this great Unknown, and the great Unknown answers him. The two talk together, and this is what Abraham says to the Unknown: Shall not the Judge of all the world do righteously? shall he violate that law which my own sense of righteousness interprets? And the answer comes back to him from the Unknown: Your conscience interprets the great I AM, though imperfectly and feebly; the Judge of all the world will do right. And thus out of his following after an unknown God into a strange land there grows the sense of the righteousness of God and communion with God. To this God he has given all that he loves except his son, his only son; and it is wrought into his consciousness, little by little, that his son is not his own; as all things that he possesses are God's, so his son also is God's, and he must give his son to God. And he knows only one way by which he can give anything to God; it is the way the old pagan religion has taught him—the way of burnt sacrifice. To slay for God is the only way he knows of giving to God. Long he wrestles in pain and anguish with this conviction that even his son he must not hold back from God, and at last he starts, carrying the son with him that he may give the son to God. The story is called the Sacrifice of Isaac. That is a misnomer; Isaac was not sacrificed. It is the salvation of Isaac: for when, knowing truly that he is to give his son to God, and thinking falsely that the only way we can give things to God is by destroying them, Abraham is ready to do even this that he may be wholly God's, God interferes and prevents him, and tells him: This is not the way you are to give your son to me; you are to give him in life, not in death. And so we have reached by successive stages the consummation of his experience of faith.

And the first thing you are to notice is that this faith is not a creed, and has not any elements of a creed in it. Abraham knew nothing about Trinity, nothing about atonement, nothing about mediatorial sacrifice, nothing about revelation. He did not, in the beginning, know even so much as that there was one God; he only knew this: There is something higher, better, nobler, diviner, to be reverenced, than sun and moon and stars; but what it was he did not know. A creed is not faith. Creeds are not articles of faith. Creeds are not the conditions and bases of faith. Faith does not grow out of creeds; creeds grow out of faith. A creed is faith dead, embalmed, and wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and men are afraid to have you touch the swaddling-clothes lest, if you unwrap them, the creed, like any other mummy, may go to ashes. There is always a faith out of which the creed has grown, but the creed is never a faith. First comes the faith, then the definition; first the flower, then the definition of the flower; first the language, then the analysis of the language; first the book, then the study of the book; first the experience, then the framing of the experience into formularies. For four centuries the Church reverenced Jesus Christ before the Nicene Creed undertook to define his divinity. In the sixteenth century the Church broke away from its bondage to pope and priesthood, and found in the sovereignty of God the guarantee and ground of liberty, refusing to bow before pope, before king, before bishop or cardinal or archbishop, before any one but Almighty God: a magnificent faith in Calvin and in those that were gathered about him. And then that faith is put into a creed and written down in a book, and men go their way, and forget the sovereignty of God, and live as though

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, January 28, 1894. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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there were no sovereignty of God, and put the creed in the place of the living faith. The creed is a historical statement that men had a divine faith three centuries ago. And as faith is not a creed, so neither, on the other hand, is it trust. It is not saying, I have nothing to do; God shall do it all. That was not what Abraham did. He did not say, I will stay in the land where I am, and God will reveal himself to me; he went forth: in a true sense, he himself took the initiative. I object to the doctrine of faith-cure for two reasons. First, it does not cure; secondly, it is not faith. So far as the cure is concerned, that is for the doctors; but theologically I condemn it, because it violates faith. Faith does not say, I have nothing to do, let God cure me; faith is taking the instruments that God has put into our hands, and using them in obedience to God's will. The man has not faith in his physician who goes to the doctor and, when the doctor prescribes the medicine, throws the medicine out of the window. God has stored the world with *materia medica* for the healing of mankind; faith is taking the gifts of God and using them as God meant they should be used. And so there is no faith in the doggerel, "Nothing left for me to do; Jesus paid it all." A great deal is left for me to do. Faith is courageous, and is brave; faith nerves the muscle, and intensifies the purpose, and strengthens the soul; faith takes the pilgrim out of England and carries him across the ocean; faith carries the missionary into the burning sands of Africa; faith summons Abraham, and he leaves all that is precious behind him and goes forth, not knowing where he is going, because there is faith in his heart.

Let me take Abraham's faith as a microcosm, and by its aid try to trace the life of faith in the soul of man.

We live in two worlds, an outer and an inner. We know the outer world through our observing faculties. We know the inner world by what the Bible calls faith. We see these outward phenomena, and if we have eyes, and nothing more, all that we see is phenomena; but if there is something more than eye in us, we perceive behind the phenomena the meaning of life. Faith is the vision of the invisible. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. We look upon the things that are invisible, for the things that are invisible are eternal. Faith is looking on this unseen world. Two men go into a picture-gallery, one with faith and one without it. The one without faith simply sees the colors, which produce some sensuous pleasure in his mind; the other behind the colors sees the true beauty, the true life which the artist has portrayed upon the canvas; the canvas speaks to him, because he sees behind the picture that something which the artist saw before he put the symbol of his vision on the canvas. Two men sit in the great congregation when the organ plays; to one man there is simply the concatenation of sweet sounds, pleasing him no more than as it might please the intelligent dog, if he were admitted; the other has his own soul filled like the soul of the great artist—it is soul throbbing against soul, because he has the power of faith to hear what the organist realized before he touched a finger to the instrument. All business is based on faith. Faith binds the home together, because the mother sees in the child something more than a marble statue, though the child be asleep, and the child sees in the mother something more than a marble statue when the mother holds the child in her arms, because the child, looking up with laughing eyes into her mother's face, sees what faithless eyes never could see—the mother heart behind the mother eyes.

And faith, this seeing of the invisible, this recognition of the invisible, lifts us up and carries us still further. The man of faith feels within himself a reverence and a love which the world does not satisfy. He reverences his mother, but reverence looks for something better; he reverences his father, and still reverence says, There is something beyond father and mother. And so, in thought if not in fact, he goes out, not knowing whither he goes, that he may find something to satisfy this desire within him. He looks within himself, and within himself he hears a voice, within himself he perceives a sense of righteousness, of truth, of purity, that hints to him a life that is larger than his own. He may be what men call an unbeliever and still have faith. He may be a Herbert Spencer and still revere the unknown and strange mystery by which he is surrounded, or a Matthew Arnold and still revere the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, or an Emerson and revere the Oversoul and strive to stir in other men faith in a soul that is greater than their own, or a Theodore Parker whom men imagined to be shattering the very foundation of faith. "I saw," says Theodore Parker in a reminiscence of his childhood—"I saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water. I lifted a stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, loud and clear, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion. I hastened home, told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and, taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you will listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life depends upon your heeding this little voice.' I am sure no event in my life ever made such a deep and lasting impression on me."

Faith looks along the pages of history and of literature; and every book that he takes up is something more than a printed page; there is a life behind; these are not merely letters, they carry with them the soul of some man that spake through them. And looking through the pages of literature into the life of the past, he comes at last to the Bible, and in that Bible he finds a life unique, or, at least, men clearer of vision than he finds anywhere else. What is it to have faith in the Bible? Not belief that the Pentateuch was written by Moses, or Isaiah was written by one man called Isaiah; not belief in the verbal or the plenary or the moral theory of inspiration. It is to take this book and open it and find in these pages a message to one's own soul; it is to find in that psalm, The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, something that awakens trust and confidence in our own Lord when we are in want; it is to hear in that command, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, something that awakens the dormant sense of justice and fair dealing; it is to hear in that other command, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as I have loved you, something that stirs all the tenderest feelings and the divinest motives of our nature; it is to read the story of the life of Christ, and believe in him: not to think something about him, as that he is a member of the Trinity, or that he stands in certain defined relations to the race of man; but it is to see the divine life in him; it is to be touched by that life, it is to be inspired and quickened by that life, it is to have the whole soul stirred to a higher and nobler mission and to a stronger and deeper purpose of divine living by that life. It is to feel in one's self the burden of his own sin and wrong-doing, the burden of the past, the burden of the present, the fear of the future; and then it is to reach out one's hands, at first it may be to an unknown God, or, thanks to a Christian education, to One that has been revealed and is known—but, at all events, to reach out the hands to Someone that shall help out of the sin and into righteousness. It is to reach out and lay hold on Christ as One who can make me a better man and a truer child of God. And then it is to put this—this divine life, this Christ-life, this God-life, this immortal life, this eternal life, this invisible life, above all other things; to realize that it is more than wealth, than fame, than power; to believe this; to act upon this belief; to be willing to go down into poverty if poverty shall make you more righteous, to be willing to welcome tears if tears shall make you more God-like; to see that things are made for men, not men for things; and to see in all the external and material things, all the phantasmagoria of this life, the tokens of the Infinite and the Eternal Goodness and Truth.

I know what some of you will say: There are some men who have this vision; others have not, and I have not. Yes, some men have genius of faith, just as some men have

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genius of observation; and some men have but the germ of faith; but all men have something of it. First came Moses to the Children of Israel, bringing them his message from the Father; and then, when they follow that messenger, came the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, leading them through the wilderness, and finally the Shekinah, filling the whole Temple with the divine glory. If to-day, or any other day, the word of your minister awakens any response in your heart, to have faith is to respond and be obedient to the calling; if any life lived by your side, that of friend, wife, mother, child, father, brings you the notion of a larger life, to have faith is to want that larger life and seek to make it your own; if you follow the voice, the pillar may come, and if you follow the pillar the cloud may come. But whether the larger experience comes or not, though you go called by nothing clearer than called Abraham, the first one act of faith is to turn from the things that are seen and that hold us down to the earth, toward the future and the divine.

Jacob at Bethel[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Jacob is an exile from home. His mother, frightened at the wrath of Esau, perhaps not less terrified at the reproaches of her own conscience, has herself counseled his flight. It has been a sorrowful parting; a parting between mother and son each laden with a guilty conscience, a parting from a dying father whose blessing has been won by a cruel fraud, a parting from a brother who only waits for the father's death to fulfill his purpose of vengeance. The self-exile will never see father or mother again; and it is with a heavy heart that he turns his back upon his home to go out into the world absolutely friendless and alone.

Such experiences as these drive the heart to look beyond man's fellowship, beyond earth's horizon, for help. Blessed are the punishments that follow close upon sin. More than the Psalmist's experience of God's goodness and tending care is Jacob's, for he might have sung, When I forsook father and mother, then the Lord took me up. His thoughts cannot find comfort in reverting to home, to the angered and ill-used brother, to the dying and deceived father, to the dishonest though affectionate mother, sharer in his crime. They go up to his father's God; up above the hills to the heaven whence cometh his help. Perhaps he contrasts this his flight from home with that of his grandfather Abraham; the one fleeing from an idolatry grown hateful to him, the other fleeing from his own pursuing sin. Our dreams repeat in different forms our waking thoughts; it seems to me, therefore, no fancy to believe that Jacob's thoughts in that first day's pilgrimage, finding no comfort or rest anywhere else, were sometimes Godward and heavenward, not with strong contrition and clear, restful faith and hope, but with a vain, restless longing to find above him and before him that strength and peace which there was nothing in the past and nothing within him to afford.

And so, when at last, with stones for his pillow, he fell asleep, he dreamed that he saw a ladder set down upon the earth, with its top reaching to the heaven, and the angels ascending and descending upon it. It was nothing but a dream. There was no ladder; there were no angels; at least there is nothing in the account to indicate that either was more than the fancy of his sleeping hours. When he awaked and looked about, in that bewildered way in which we customarily look for the fading vision when it breaks away from us, there was nothing but the earth beneath, and the sky above, and the hard pillow of stones under his head.

Nothing? Oh, yes! There was the conviction wrought into his heart, "Lo, God is here." That remained. The sense of God's presence—that was no dream; that did not disappear with the ladder and the angels. There was no longer a ladder with angels to carry up the cry of the heart and bring back the benediction of grace; but there was God himself so near that no angel was needed. And the sense of this truth converted the rude sleeping-place into a temple, and the hard pillow of stones into a sacred altar, and, more marvelous transition, the soul of the Supplanter into the soul of a saint of God. From this hour dates Jacob's true life. Now for the first time was he truly born; for now for the first time did his spiritual life begin.

And still even in his conversion he was Jacob. The old bargaining spirit was not eradicated from his nature by a dream and a prayer. It is not thus that God works out the problem of the soul's redemption. How lame and impotent a conclusion of such a night seems the morning vow! "Surely God is here," he cries; yet as he looks about and sees nothing but sky and earth and stars, and the dream grows more and more indistinct, he is not sure. He will test this matter. His religion, like all else in his life, is at first prosaic and commercial. He follows no impulse of grateful love, or of trustful hope, to throw himself on the unseen; he bargains with the Unknown: "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God." And then he goes on his way. And it is yet to be long years of disappointed hope and of crucified love and of patient toil, culminating in reawakened remorse and fear, before he will be ready to have written on his forehead his new name of Israel.

This is the story of Jacob's ladder, which has ever since remained in Christian literature, in song and sermon and story, until it is familiar to every child; a universal and a sacred classic, whose lessons have been so often repeated and so lie upon the surface of the story that it is almost needless to do more than recall them here.

The office of sorrow—even of remorse, the sorrow of sin—is to drive us from the visible to the invisible, from earth to heaven, from ourselves to God.

There is a ladder between earth and heaven on which angel messengers carry up our prayers to God and bring his answers down. Nay! this is but the hope of our dreams; the reality transcends it; for God is here, and needs neither ladder nor angel to communicate with us or open to us communication with him; here in our hours of sorest need, of bitterest loneliness, of self-inflicted sorrow, of well-deserved penalty, of more poignant remorse; here as he was in the burning bush to Moses, and in the mysterious visitor to Gideon, and in the still, small voice to Elijah, and in the child wrapped in the swaddling-clothes to the stable guests; and still by most of us unseen and to most of us unknown.

But when the veil is taken from our faces and we see him, then the ground becomes consecrated ground, the stable a sacred place, the lowing of the cattle an anthem, Horeb a sanctuary, the land of Midian a holy land, our pile of stones a Bethel.

Yea! more than this; not places only but persons are transformed by this vision of the invisible, by this awakening to the truth, Lo, God is here. It changes Abram, Chaldean worshiper, into Abraham, Friend of God; Jacob, the Supplanter, into Israel, Prince of God; Moses, the impetuous murderer of the Egyptian, into the meekest man of sacred history; David, the sensual king, into the sweetest singer of spiritual experiences; Jeremiah, the prophet of lamentation, into the hope and courage of Israel; Saul, the persecuting Pharisee, into Paul, the self-sacrificing Apostle; John, the son of thunder, into John the beloved disciple. Finally, the poorest consecration—the gift of ourselves with even Jacob's "if"—is accepted by God as a beginning.

These are some of the lessons taught us by Jacob's vision of the invisible at Bethel.

QUESTIONS

Give briefly the story of Jacob's life since the last lesson. To what sort of people did dreams come as a revelation? How will you interpret this dream? Are there other incidents in the Bible in which God was present and man knew it not? Compare Jacob's prayer with Christ's prayer in John xvii., and draw lessons from the contrast.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for March 11, 1894.—Gen. xxviii., 10-22.

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The Religious World

The New Annex to the Church

The Rev. Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church, is one of the busiest men in New York. His latest plan for helping the poor is a kind of loan-shop, to be conducted at St. Bartholomew's House, in Forty-second Street. Its design was described at some length in our issue of January 27. It is interesting to note that, without the slightest consultation or acquaintance, two projects in the same direction were simultaneously made public. Miss Bradford, of the Whittier House in Jersey City, from careful study abroad, had become convinced that one of the best ways to help the poor would be to make loans to them on thoroughly business principles. Dr. Greer, with the vast wealth of St. Bartholomew's parish at his back, saw the same need, and has set himself in a vigorous fashion to the work. Loans are to be given on chattel mortgages alone. Both Dr. Greer and the head worker of Whittier House well understand that there is danger of great imposition on those who undertake to make loans. Pawnbrokers who are in the habit of charging twenty-five and thirty per cent. will, no doubt, try to get money from these "church annexes" at a cheap rate, in order that they may let it again at an extortionate interest; but the danger of attempted imposition is no reason why a work so much needed should not be undertaken. We confidently expect that it will prove a real success, and that the example of the rector of St. Bartholomew's will soon be followed by leaders in many other churches where there are persons with abundance of means who, as yet, do not know how to use them so as to make them most wisely helpful to the suffering.

The Methodist Forward Movement in New York City

"Aggressive Methodism," the organ of the Methodist Forward Movement in New York City, has changed its name. It is henceforth to be known as "The Christian City." We doubt not that, as it promises, it will be as loyal to Methodism as ever; moreover, we like the new name very much better than the old. "The new name," the editor well says, "uplifts unhesitatingly the ideal toward which every honest believer in Christ's kingdom is striving;" that is, apparently, the ideal of a city pervaded by the law and spirit of Christ, in which all classes bow to his authority and feel his blessing; "that fair city of God, in fact," in the words of Hugh Price Hughes, quoted by the editor, "of which St. John had so bewitching a vision, . . . where the voice of complaining is not heard in the streets, where pauperism and crime and drunkenness and gambling and debauchery are forgotten insanities of a dismal and buried past." We are glad that New York Methodism has put this ideal before itself, and we much wish that all Christians might realize that an earnest movement toward this standard of service is involved in an honest belief in Christ's kingship.

Evangelism at the Front

Naturally, being a Methodist movement, the work of evangelization is given the first place. In churches and halls throughout the length of the city, from the Jerry McAuley Water Street Rescue Mission to the church at Fordham, renewed earnestness and urgency are put into the Gospel appeal, and not in vain. In one chapel "forty-two persons of the very classes which are supposed by some to be beyond the Gospel of to-day were received on probation." At the altar of the same church "over two hundred have knelt in the past few months." Mr. Yatman reports two hundred and sixty-nine conversions at the Academy of Music meetings in less than two months, and over two hundred in Metropolitan Hall in about the same length of time; while in one week, in eleven different stations under his direction, there were several hundred more. A considerable interest among the Hebrews is also a feature of the movement recorded in "The Christian City." Our Methodist brethren, however, are not insensible to the fact that often the soil of the heart needs to be broken up and warmed by deeds of love in order to prepare it for the Gospel seed. Such facts, together with the testimonies of reformed men, are the chief modes of appeal in the rescue missions. Mr. Yatman has a "Shelter Work" under his supervision; there is a "Methodist Central Relief Fund;" and the new "Detroit Forward Movement," a report of which is given in "The Christian City," includes four parallel lines—"evangelistic, industrial, philanthropic, and social. As all roads lead to Rome," the writer adds, "so all lines of work here center in the evangelistic. . . . We believe the ultimate outcome will be an institutional church."

Congregationalism in Springfield

Two items of news of much importance to the religious life of Springfield, Mass., are reported in the press. The first is that the Rev. P. S. Moxom, D.D., late pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston, has received and accepted a call to the South Congregational Church in Springfield. Dr. Moxom is recognized as a man of great strength and liberality. It has been a wonder that, with his views, he has been so long able to endure the limitations of his previous position; and some change has been felt by his friends to be inevitable. By many it was supposed that he would enter the Episcopal Church, but these thoughts are set at rest by his call to Springfield. At the same time we are informed that the Rev. Michael Burnham, D.D., has received a call to the Pilgrim Church in St. Louis, made vacant by the transfer of Dr. Stimson to New York. The position to which Dr. Burnham is called is one of great importance, and the work which he has already accomplished is an earnest of a successful ministry in the West. We are not informed whether the First Church in Springfield is to lose its pastor, for Dr. Burnham as yet has not indicated whether he will accept or decline the call to St. Louis.

Clerical Clubs

That is an interesting article in "The Churchman" of February 24 by the Rev. Newton Perkins on "Clerical Clubs." The life of the ministry in our great cities is so busy that much of the study of our most prominent men is necessarily done by absorption. Life is the book which is read with most care, and consequently much knowledge is acquired by the busiest workers by contact with their brethren in different fields. There are in the cities many clubs among ministers, meeting weekly, fortnightly, or monthly. These are not to be confused with the larger clubs which embrace both laymen and ministers, and which have now grown until they have representatives in all the denominations. The article to which we have referred gives us a glimpse of two or three of these clerical associations in the Protestant Episcopal Church. In New York City there are three regularly organized Clerical Clubs, and there is also an association of clerical brethren which antedates these more formal organizations, and which for twenty-three years has held regular stated meetings. Among its earliest members we notice the names of Drs. Washburn, John Cotton Smith, Muhlenberg, and Bishops Clark, Potter, and Brooks. The New York Churchmen's Association was organized in 1882, and its object is stated to be "the free discussion of Church questions, the maintenance of parliamentary right and courtesy, and the conservation of true representative government." This club was organized by the Revs. Dr. Swope, Davenport, Shackelford, Richey, Lobdell, Olmstead, and Blanchard. Another club called the "Clericus" was organized in 1884. This is described as "an association of junior clergy resident in and near New York City, men of every school of thought, high, low, broad, conservative, middle, and radical, representative of all sorts of theological views and opinions held by anybody in good standing in the ministry." This club meets monthly, and is limited to forty members. The third is called the "Catholic Club," and is evidently devoted exclusively to High Church principles. These principles are declared as follows: "We hold that to be catholic in *doctrine* which can be proved to have been implicitly received from the beginning, and which has been from time to time explicitly declared by the whole Church." "We hold that to be catholic in *practice* which can be proved to have been used by authority in all parts of the Church at any one time." "We hold that to be lawful in ritual which can be proved to have been part of the authorized ritual of the Church of England in the second year of the reign of

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King Edward the Sixth." The following is quoted as showing the objects of this club:

(1) The defense of the divine constitution and supernatural powers of the Church against latitudinarian and rationalizing assaults upon them.
(2) The defense of the Catholic claims of the Churches of the Anglican communion against Roman denials of those claims.
(3) The furtherance of the movement in the Church for the elimination of the words "Protestant Episcopal" from her title.
(4) The giving of due prominence to the idea of eucharistic worship in the public services of the Church.
Membership in the "Catholic Club" is confined to such clergymen as, having been duly elected, are willing to subscribe to a belief in the actual and real Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist; a belief in the Apostolic succession; in probation limited to this life; and in the Holy Scriptures as being "the infallible and undeceivable Word of God."

Woman in the Pulpit

The question as to the place of woman in our modern life is gradually but surely forcing itself to the front. At the May meeting of the Congregational Club in Boston last May, President Hartranft, of Hartford Seminary, spoke on the Theological Education of Woman. Afterward, when he was asked if theological training for woman did not logically imply the opening of the pulpit to woman, he replied that probably it did, and that if she was called to that work there was no reason why she should not undertake it. There are already several women who are ordained ministers in various denominations. The subject has been brought to our notice anew by the recent action of a council at Littleton, Mass., in ordaining Mrs. Amelia A. Frost to be associate pastor with her husband, as briefly mentioned last week. This is the first instance of the ordination of a woman by a Congregational Council in New England. Mrs. Frost is reported to have passed an admirable examination, having attended lectures at Andover while her husband was a student there. During their life on the frontier her husband lost his health, and she often assumed his duties, very much as Mrs. General Booth took those of her husband during his pastorate at Newcastle. For a year or two, on account of her husband's ill health, Mrs. Frost has performed the same duties in the New England church of which her husband is now pastor, with the result that the church and society, by an entirely unanimous vote, have called her to the associate pastorate. The reports say that there was considerable discussion in the Council as to the Scriptural propriety of ordaining a woman to the ministry, but a unanimous opinion that *this woman* was called of God to the work in which she is engaged. We have little doubt that the action of Hartford Seminary in opening its doors to women, and the example of a few councils like that of Littleton, will result in a much larger number of women applying for ordination.

The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions

The terrible depression of the times is more and more making itself felt in our various missionary societies. First of all, those who are not thoroughly consecrated to Christ, or thoroughly well informed in regard to relative need, usually first begin to economize in their gifts to missions. The falling off in receipts to the home work of the Presbyterian Church has been so great that at last the Board has felt constrained to pass the following resolution: "That, in view of the large indebtedness of the Board and the fact that it has borrowed as much money as, in the opinion of the Finance Committee, is prudent, no new work be undertaken during the current fiscal year." We do not wonder that the Secretaries, the Rev. William C. Roberts, D.D., and the Rev. D. J. McMillan, D.D., add these weighty words to the resolution:

This will give rise to deep regret and discouragement in many parts of our land. It is tantamount to a retreat in the face of the enemy. Such a measure is greatly to be lamented, because it always requires time and money to rally after a retreat. Never have the calls for home mission work been louder, the needs of the fields greater, nor the highest interests of the Nation in more imminent danger from Romanism, Mormonism, Anarchism, and infidelity than today. Whilst it was not in the power of the Board to do otherwise than to order a halt, it is within the power of the Presbyterian Church to bid us "go forward." A few individuals, without involving much self-denial, could do it. Our prayer is that the whole Church, in the majesty of her numbers and consecration to Christ's cause, will do it forthwith.

The Rev. W. W. Newell

We had intended before this to make mention of the death of the Rev. W. W. Newell, who for the last few years has been doing so much for the Master among the students in Paris. His first pastorate, we believe, was in Newburyport, Mass. Leaving there in 1874, he settled in Paris and identified himself with the McAll Mission. He was also for a time substitute pastor of the American Chapel. Realizing the peculiar temptations and dangers which surrounded the students in that city, with the help of his wife, a woman of singular grace and charm of manner and very great ability, he devoted himself henceforward almost entirely to his ministry among the students. Mr. and Mrs. Newell gave up their beautiful home and went to live in the Latin quarter, and there, in their own household and elsewhere, but chiefly by personal contact, they were the means of doing untold good. Sunday evening services were held at their house, and, as a result, at last a church, the third American church in Paris, was established for students. The perils of foreign life to those who travel, and especially to the young, are little understood by those who seldom leave their own country. The value of Mr. Newell's work was incalculable, and he will long be remembered by many whom he befriended in the midst of the gayety and loneliness of Paris. It is a pleasure to acknowledge in these columns our appreciation of the importance of the ministry which Mr. Newell undertook and carried out at great personal sacrifice in the French capital. It is enough to say that to it both Mr. Newell and his accomplished wife devoted unreservedly all their time and strength. Such workers in these times are not so numerous as to make us willing to allow this opportunity to pass without acknowledging our debt to this brave and true soldier of the cross.

A Good Appointment

Several years ago a book entitled "The Myths of Life" fell under our notice, and was read with the greatest interest. It was written by the Rev. Charles W. Stubbs, until recently rector of Wavertree, near Liverpool. Some parts of that book we have never forgotten, although it is a very unpretentious little volume. The sermon on "The Contagion of Trust" impressed us as a most sensible and wise presentation of a neglected truth. Canon Stubbs has been known for a long time to have the spirit implied in the name which was given to him in an article in the "Christian World"—"the democratic Dean." He has been associated with labor organizations during most of his ministry, and has established and conducted at least one important club for workingmen. He has been known to be in heartiest sympathy with the movement for improving the conditions of agricultural laborers, and has published some strong books on social questions, among which are "The Church and the Villages" and "Christ and Modern Democracy." In Liverpool he has associated himself with a Baptist and a Unitarian, the Rev. Mr. Aked and the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, in the editorship of "The Liverpool Pulpit." This man, so democratic, so broad in his sympathies, so human in his methods, has been chosen by Mr. Gladstone as Dean of Ely. That city "is now to be congratulated on having the most liberal and democratic dean that recent cities have known, with perhaps the single exception of Dean Stanley." Wherever he goes, Dean Stubbs is sure to prove himself a genuine man, a hater of all shams, a consecrated servant of his Master. This appointment seems to us a triumph of pure religion.

Gleanings

—An intimate friend of Keble, Mozley, Denison, and Dean Church has just died in England. Prebendary Pulling was also a member of that small commission of clergymen who compiled "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

—Chicago has 626 churches of all denominations. Of these the Methodists have 105 churches and missions, the Roman Catholics 101, the Congregationalists 84, the Baptists 72, the Lutherans 64, the Presbyterians 56, the Episcopalians 44.

—A convention of those interested in the Student Volunteer movement is being held (February 28 to March 4) in Detroit, Mich., and it is expected that over a thousand delegates will be present from colleges and universities in all parts of the United States, Canada, and Europe. There will also be missionaries from China, India, Africa, and Japan.

—The Rev. Dr. Joseph Eastburn Nassau died on February 20, at Warsaw, N. Y. He was born in Norristown, Pa., in 1827. His father, the Rev. Dr. Charles W. Nassau, was a noted clergyman, and President of Lafayette College. The son was graduated from Lafayette in 1846, and was made a tutor. He gradu-

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ated from the Theological Seminary at Princeton in 1852. In 1855 he went to Warsaw, and became pastor of the Presbyterian church at that place.

—The beautiful and almost new church building of the Second Congregational Church in Rockford, Ill. (the Rev. Walter M. Barrows, pastor), was destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week. Our readers will remember that we printed in our issue of July 30, 1892, a description of this building, together with a picture of its exterior and a plan of its arrangement for the division of church work—an arrangement which was unsurpassed for convenience and intelligent planning.

—A correspondent from Hartford, Conn., writes: "The Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford—the Rev. W. H. Kelsey, pastor—has been having a series of Sunday afternoon meetings designed to bring the Church and "workingmen" into nearer relations, and with good results. The topics related mostly to literature and labor, and several of the speakers were selected and paid by the Central Labor Union. Among the speakers were Mason A. Green, of Boston, and Richard Burton, of Hartford. On January 7 the Rev. Perry Marshall spoke on "Evolution in Government," and on February 4 Professor Graham Taylor spoke on "The Relation of Organized Christianity to Organized Labor."

—Dr. Wickham's promotion to be Dean of Lincoln is carped at by some critics on the ground that he is Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law. It is well known, however, that the Queen long since expressed her earnest wish that some adequate Crown preferment be found for the ex-Oxford tutor, who had been spending twenty of the best years of his life as Head Master of Wellington College, and that the recent appointment came from her Majesty more than from the Prime Minister. Dr. Wickham is an especially brilliant Latin scholar, and his editions of Horace are standard ones. He has been a Select Preacher before the University of Oxford. It is a curious coincidence that his predecessor at Wellington also went to Lincoln and is now Archbishop of Canterbury.

—The Rev. G. S. Plumley, D.D., for some years the New York correspondent of the "Presbyterian," and the editor and compiler of "The Presbyterian Church Throughout the World," died on February 21, at the age of sixty-four. He was graduated at Yale College with the class of 1850. The degree of A.M. was given him by this college in 1853, and the degree of D.D. in 1890. He was also a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Plumley was pastor of the Presbyterian church of Metuchen, N. J., for eighteen years, of the Fulton Street Church for three years, and of the City Mission and Tract Society's Church at the Five Points for several years. At the time of his death he was pastor of the Greenfield Hill (Conn.) Congregational church.

—A correspondent writes: "The Rev. Dr. M. M. G. Dana, of Kirk Street Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass., presented his resignation Sunday, February 25, to take effect June 30. His recent sorrow occasioned by the loss of his eldest son, a young man of sterling character and high promise, has greatly depressed him and other members of his family, and that, with a desire to get a respite from pastoral care and labor, has induced the step. For brilliance and power Dr. Dana has had no superior in the Lowell pulpit, while his social influence and useful leadership in many directions have won for him the admiration of those in all churches. He has no immediate engagements in view, but will supply vacant churches for which his service will be in demand. His study of sociological questions and his gifts as a popular lecturer have brought him into mention for that chair in some college or theological seminary. Whether the Kirk Street Church will accept his resignation is not known; if it does, it loses from its pulpit a man of exceptional talent, who has served the parish with rare devotion."

—The Doshisha University at Kioto, Japan, is doing an extremely good work in the way of theological instruction. Beginning as a school established by Dr. Neesima in 1875, it opened a special department for theological instruction in the Japanese language in 1882. This department has grown rapidly, and is now restricted as to its usefulness only by material limitations. The University has five buildings, and at present has in all its departments over five hundred students, of whom sixty are studying theology. There is pressing need of endowments for both the collegiate and theological departments, which should take the place of the present subsidy from the American Board, and allow an increase in the teaching force, together with other much-needed improvements. For this purpose the President, Mr. Hiromichi Kozaki (the successor of Dr. Neesima), appeals to the Christian public, and this appeal is most heartily indorsed by all who have studied the subject of the intellectual, moral, and religious advancement of Japan. The Outlook takes pleasure in adding its indorsement to that of others. Mr. Kozaki is at present in New Haven, Conn., where he may be addressed for further information.

Books and Authors

The Jew in Fiction[1]

It is all too rare a pleasure, in this day of conventional book-making, to come across a novel that even arrests attention. Yet there are certain books that, once read, brand themselves indelibly upon our minds; and among this number is Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto." Loosely written and frequently inartistic as the book undeniably is, it is dominated, nevertheless, by a peculiar charm, which, if we try to analyze it, seems to consist in the vivid picture of a phase of life that is, to most of us, as strange as it is fascinating.

From the day of Shylock and the Jew of Malta to that of Daniel Deronda the Jew has been a familiar figure in English literature; and yet in all the treatment he has received, whether sympathetic or contemptuous, there has always been a touch of conventionality. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Zangwill is the first to break away from the beaten track and to present a fresh and independent study of Jewish life. We have, for the first time, in his work the point of view of no outsider, but, on the contrary, of one thoroughly at home among the people and scenes he describes, yet broad enough in culture and in worldly experience to regard them dispassionately. Mr. Zangwill, moreover, deals with a class of Jews never before treated in literature with even an attempt at adequacy—the inhabitants of the Ghetto, the beings we are accustomed to regard as the very dregs of humanity, the incarnation of repulsiveness and sordidness: for it is, as a rule, only those who have really lived among these people who can realize the possibilities possessed by them for the most wondrous romance. Where can we turn for all that is picturesque if not to the Ghettos, those strange communities which have sprung up in our cities in the very midst of the commonplace and conventional? For it is there that we find, to all outward seeming, the very depths of squalor and degradation—all the more heart-rending, too, in that they approach so perilously near to the grotesque—yet so mingled with the purest mysticism and romantic glamour that it is well-nigh impossible to realize that these Ghettos, the product of a bygone age, can still be a part of this prosaic nineteenth century. And it is not alone in America, where much might be explained by the recent hordes of immigrants, that we feel how essentially foreign these weird colonies are; in England, where they have been in existence for centuries upon centuries in the very heart of the largest cities, there has been hardly a change in them from the very beginning. One generation succeeds another, but the people remain essentially the same. The customs and habits of the land in which they dwell slip past them, touching scarcely the very surface of their lives.

Mr. Zangwill has succeeded wonderfully well in catching the local color of the Ghetto. He paints it in all its vividness and intensity, and he shows most clearly that, dark and murky as the surface-life may appear, one has only to penetrate deep enough to lay bare the most brilliant tones. It is as a true artist that Mr. Zangwill has approached the Ghetto life. Without abating one particle of what is repulsive, he shows the dignity and pathos that may underlie the most sordid exterior. He may be telling us about what the world at large might shrink from as a vulgar peddler, yet we are allowed a glimpse of him in his home as, with the utmost impressiveness, he welcomes in the Sabbath, and, laugh contemptuously at him afterwards as we may, we can never again quite dissociate him from that fleeting moment when we saw him at his best.

In his "Children of the Ghetto" Mr. Zangwill laid his emphasis chiefly upon the tragic side of the life there, but in his latest book he has given us a sketch of the purest comedy. "The King of Schnorrers"—the very name is unintelligible to those unfortunate enough never to have known that most unique of characters, the Jewish beggar;

[1] *The King of Schnorrers: Grotesques and Fantasies.* By Isaac Zangwill. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.50.

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yet there is no more delightful personage in fiction than Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa—verily a king of beggars. Any one more unlike the typical cringing, fawning Jew it would be difficult to imagine. Bold and audacious, he swaggers forth; a complete fraud, yet invested with a peculiar dignity and self-respect that render him irresistible. A complete fraud, yet so secure in his own sense of justice and probity that we are forced to respect him and to take him at his own estimate. There are other characters that, although forced by him into the background, are, nevertheless, wholly excellent in their way. From kindly old Joseph Grobstock to Yankeli and Beau Belasco they stand forth clear and distinct, and all the more delightfully comic in that they are treated throughout with a humor that never for a moment descends into caricature.

In this story Mr. Zangwill has chosen the close of the eighteenth century as a setting, because, as he tells us in his "foreword," while the most picturesque period of Anglo-Jewish history, it has never before been exploited in literature, whether by novelists or historians. He also tells us that these episodes make no claim to veracity; he has merely amused himself, and attempted to amuse others, by incarnating the floating tradition of the Jewish "schnorrer," a personage as unique among beggars as Israel among nations. Mr. Zangwill himself regards comedy as his natural rôle, and he has written a little play which has just been given as a "curtain-raiser" in London, and which the papers praise most highly. As a critic, too, Mr. Zangwill has had a great deal of success; but it is, nevertheless, in his sketches of Jewish life that he has done his best work. Just as "Children of the Ghetto" far surpasses his other two novels, "Merely Mary Ann" and "The Old Maids' Club," so, in the volume of stories of which "The King of Schnorrers" is the longest and most important, his "Flutter-Duck," "Rose of the Ghetto," and "Tragi-Comedy of Creeds" are decidedly better than any of the others, with the exception of "The Semi-Sentimental Dragon" and "A Principal Boy." The last is spoiled by its inadequate ending, but the Dragon is a thoroughly delightful bit of work.. "The King of Schnorrers" and "Tragi-Comedy of Creeds" are by no means Ghetto sketches, but in "Flutter-Duck" Mr. Zangwill takes us back to the well-known scenes of the "Children of the Ghetto." The little story is filled with half-unconscious pathos, and the mere description of the room in which the furriers live and work haunts us unbearably. "Over everything," it says, "was the trail of the fur. The air was full of a fine fluff; a million little hairs floated about the room, covering everything, insinuating themselves everywhere, getting down the backs of the workers and tickling them, getting into their lungs and making them cough, getting into their food and drink and sickening them till they learned callousness. . . . And in this room, drawing such breath of life, they sat—man, woman, boy—bending over boas that bewitching young ladies would skate in; stitch, stitch, from eight till two and from three to eight, with occasional overtime that ran on now and again far into the next day, till their eyelids would not keep open any longer, and they couched on the floor on a heap of finished work. Stitch, stitch, winter and summer, all day long, swallowing hirsute bread and butter at nine, and pausing at tea-time for five o'clock fur."

Yet in "Flutter-Duck," as in all his other work, Mr. Zangwill just misses accomplishing something that is really very good. He often starts out well, but, sooner or later, he is sure to halt. Nearly all of his stories possess elements of excellence, yet they all lack the indescribable something that goes to make a supremely good piece of work.

The Fauna of the Deep Sea. By Sydney J. Hickson. Modern Science Series. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Two questions arise in reference to the animal life of the deep seas, and to the answer to them this little work is devoted. Do the animals show any striking and constant modification in correlation with the physical conditions of their strange habitat? From what source was the fauna of the abyss derived? Briefly, the peculiar physical conditions of the deep seas are absolute darkness, so far as sunlight is concerned, cold almost to point of freezing, enormous pressure, extreme quietness of water, no plant life, and a bottom of soft, fine mud. This mud-bottom varies in structure and composition. Every one knows of the globigerina ooze made up of foraminiferal shells. There are other oozes of organic origin—pteropod, radiolarian, diatom—and the strange red mud. The members of the deep-sea fauna crawl upon or fix themselves in such bottoms, or float or swim above them. Without plant food the creatures are probably carnivorous—"deep-sea fish may feed upon one another and upon deep-sea crustacea, deep-sea crustacea feed upon deep-sea worms, deep-sea echinoderms feed upon deep-sea foraminifera, and so on through different combinations." But much food must come from above, from bodies of pelagic animals—protozoa, floating tunicates, crustacea, fish, and other animals—together with diatoms and fragments of seaweeds. The species "belonging to classes of animals that usually possess eyes . . . have eyes either very large, very small, or altogether wanting." "Deep-sea animals are nearly always uniformly colored. Very frequently they are black, or gray, or white, less frequently bright red, purple, or blue. Spots, stripes, bands, or other markings of the body are rarely seen. Deep-sea animals are brilliantly phosphorescent, the light being emitted either by special organs locally situated on the head, body, or appendages, or by the general surface of the body. Creatures with shells or bones have a very small amount of lime in these structures; bones are fibrous, fissured, and light; shells are thin and transparent. Among invertebrates stalked forms are relatively common." The author continues with a discussion of the origin of the abyssal fauna. He believes it to have come from migrants from shallow water, driven out by the severity of the struggle for existence. As this migration to the abyss has been long in progress, we find in this fauna some old-fashioned forms, but these are not so numerous as to give an antique aspect to the fauna as a whole. The author then considers the various systematic groups of animals in detail. The book is to be recommended as a plain and simple statement of an interesting subject.

The Brontë family has always been a source of interest, for there is an atmosphere of romance about their life and character that time and biographies serve only to intensify and enlarge. Mrs. Gaskell's book gives us the story of the weird and somber existence of the sisters and their father in the old vicarage on the lonely moor. Dr. William Wright has attempted to give the genesis of the Brontë characteristics and the evolution of the Brontë novels, in a highly interesting study called *The Brontës in Ireland; or, Facts Stranger than Fiction.* (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) He has investigated the early history of the Brontë family in their native land, and with patience and persistence has succeeded in unearthing long-forgotten events of the ancestors of the daughters of the Rev. Patrick Brontë. From his account it appears that "Wuthering Heights" is in reality the story of their grandfather, Hugh Brontë. Other characters of the Brontë novels are found to have originated in family history. The father of the writers was a genius as a *raconteur*, and it was out of his stories told to his daughters that they constructed their stories. The Brontë family for generations was esteemed odd by their neighbors and acquaintances. They kept themselves aloof from other and more conventional folk. At the close of his volume Dr. Wright determines that Miss Rigby, who afterward became Lady Eastlake, wrote that review of "Jane Eyre" in the "Quarterly" which was both scathing and insulting, and that the article in question was touched up and made virulent by Lockhart, the editor. His is the sole blame. As a study in the history of literary evolution, the book of Dr. Wright has a large and specific value, which students of literature will not be slow to recognize. It supplements without taking the place of other biographical accounts of the Brontës. It is, in truth, a strange family history, and they who are interested in tracing out hereditary influences will find in it food for reflection.

A Brief History of Panics. By Clement Juglar. "Englished" and edited by De Courcy W. Thom. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) M. Juglar's work upon commercial crises won for him a prize from the French Academy and gained for him the Vice-Presidency of the Society for the Study of Political Economy. This, however, does not demonstrate the greatness of the volume, or even the value of having it condensed and translated. It is the kind of a book upon economics to win prizes, because it embodies a painstaking collection of facts and propounds no theory which could offend any one. The author and his translator have followed the history of the panics of the century, tracing, as far as it could be traced, their connection with banking loans and discounts. The theory propounded is

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that periods of prosperity, panic, and liquidation follow each other in strict succession, and that after a panic "the completion of liquidation that precedes the beginning of another period of prosperity is characterized by lack of business, steady prices, and a marked growth in available banking funds." The practical advice which the translator and editor puts into italics is this: "Buy when the decline caused by a panic has produced such liquidation that discounts and loans, after steady and long-continued diminution, either become stationary for a period, or else increase progressively coincident with a steady increase in available funds; and sell for converse reasons." This is all very well, but would be much better if there were the slightest regularity in the length of the periods of liquidation which follow successive panics, so that one could determine whether "the long-continued diminution" of loans and discounts had ended. Unfortunately, the length of such periods is as unknown to the author, after meditating upon his statistics, as to the ordinary speculator, who, in a commonplace way, buys when he thinks stocks are cheap, and sells when he thinks they are dear.

Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General. By William M. Polk, M.D., LL.D. In 2 Vols. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) Bishop General Polk is not so portentous a figure in the great world as in the Episcopal Church and in the Southern States of the Union. Had his life been written twenty years ago, it would have had a larger circle of his contemporaries to whom to appeal. The general reader will find that his interest gravitates from the subject of the biography to the account of the Civil War as seen from the Southern side, or to the relations of the Episcopal Church North and South. Dr. Polk, the author, has done his work in a careful and conscientious manner, deserving of praise. His book is embellished with war maps and minute accounts of military maneuvers. As to the question of the propriety of Bishop Polk taking up arms, we say nothing; the Episcopal Church pronounced in 1865 that it was "incompatible with the duty, position, and sacred calling" of the clergy to bear arms; but this was after the war, and it should be recollected that Leonidas Polk was a graduate of the West Point Academy. He was a good soldier, a good commanding officer, and his course met with the approval of most of his fellow-Churchmen at the time, although some have since seen reason to express regret that Bishop Polk should have taken the course he took. Those who are interested in military affairs will find that the author has dwelt very carefully upon the Atlanta campaign, in which General Polk was engaged. As to the rest, we have only to say that both the author and the publishers have done their task in a workmanlike manner.

St. Andrew's. By Andrew Lang. Perhaps this sketch of the famous Scotch University is all the more interesting because, as Mr. Lang tells us frankly, he writes with the knowledge that a more exhaustive historical work from another pen is to appear later. It is certainly a rather rambling narrative, but it is delightfully anecdotical and personal. Mr. Lang deals John Knox some hard blows, as he has more than once before, and one can only wish that the grim old Calvinist were alive to reply; what a charming "duel in the press" would follow! The ancient history of St. Andrew's, with discursions on universities of the Middle Ages generally, is treated at length, and there are chapters on all great events of the college life—including the visit of Dr. Johnson. The illustrations by Mr. T. Hodge are capital, and in all ways the book is worthily printed and bound. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Philadelphia is certainly taking the lead in the rapidly growing movement to spread a better knowledge of municipal institutions. Following close upon the heels of the welcome volume from the Wharton School of Finance giving the history and workings of each department of the city government, we receive from Mr. Charles A. Brinley *A Handbook for Philadelphia Voters*, giving the election districts, the rules of the party organizations, the State laws affecting the municipality, the salaries of city officials, the city institutions in receipt of State funds, the city's receipts and appropriations, etc., etc. Such a volume is the outcome of municipal public spirit, and municipal public spirit is the outcome of such volumes. Knowledge of public affairs and interest in them are, in the long run, conterminous.

Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome. By William Morris and E. Belford Bax. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) This volume, which appears in the goodly company of the Social Science Series, is not an agreeable addition to its numbers. It is cynical and contemptuous in a trying degree. A volume which scoffs at the liberalism of the past is not the volume to awaken faith in the liberalism of the present. If the aspirations of the reformers who have preceded us have given us a civilization which is merely a loathsome ship of the dead, pessimism is the only possible belief for a rational observer. It is to be regretted that the author of so suggestive and inspiring a volume as Mr. Morris's "Hopes and Fears for Art" should have collaborated in producing so dreary a volume as that before us.

Literary Notes

—Not a novel, but a collection of short stories, will be "Our Manifold Lives," the forthcoming book by Madame Sarah Grand.

—Mr. John D. Barry, whose work has won high praise from Mr. Howells, is about publishing a serial story to appear in the Sunday "Tribune."

—At an early date Mr. Besant's new volumes will be put forth. They are entitled "Literary Essays" and "Social Essays." The author has as yet decided on no title for his recently finished novel.

—If the difference in the dictionaries stamps the progress of a dozen decades, so do the hundreds of thousands of dollars expended by the "Century" Company on its monumental achievement in comparison with the $7,500 which Dr. Johnson received as reward for his work. The old London house in which the lexicographer labored is soon to be demolished.

—It is now said that legal proceedings will be taken to oust M. Brunetière from the editorship of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." "Valbert," who is none other than M. Victor Cherbuliez, had been the choice of the Pailleron party, who, in consequence, were greatly dissatisfied with M. Brunetière's election, and claim that he did not possess the amount of stock required by the statutes.

—"Platonics" is the first attempt at fiction of Miss Ethel Arnold, a granddaughter of the famous Master of Rugby and a sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Speaking of the latter, it is interesting to know that for "David Grieve" she was paid $80,000 for the English and American markets alone, exclusive of Australia, India, etc. With Mrs. Ward authorship is hardly an underpaid profession.

—Mark Twain tells us that there are "three infallible ways of pleasing an author, and the three form a rising scale of compliment: 1, to tell him you have read one of his books; 2, to tell him you have read all of his books; 3, to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his respect; No. 2 admits you to his admiration; No. 3 carries you clear into his heart."

—A complete translation of Catullus, the metrical part of which was the work of the late Sir Richard Burton, while the abundant notes come from Mr. Leonard Smithers, is about appearing in large octavo form in England, the American agents being the Burrows Company, of Cleveland. The issue will be limited to subscribers and will not exceed fifteen hundred. Blake's portrait of Catullus is to be etched for the frontispiece.

—The poet Aubrey de Vere and his family were for many years intimate friends of Tennyson, who borrowed the whole of his famous Lady Clara's name from them. Lady de Vere, however, did not quite fancy the association of her name with the haughty and hard-hearted Clara. "Why should Lady de Vere be aggrieved?" was Tennyson's jesting reply. "I have not given her name to an ugly woman, nor to an old woman—only to a wicked one."

—Wishing to honor the seventieth birthday of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, his staff of editors and assistants made a copy of his poems in their own handwriting and gave it to him. When Dr. Hale saw the collection he resolved to print it, and with this motto from Colonel Ingham's Life: "If it were his duty to write verses, he wrote verses; to fight slavers, he fought slavers; to write sermons, he wrote sermons; and he did one of these things with just as much alacrity as another."

—"The Yellow Book" is the name of the very serious new quarterly projected by Messrs. John Lane and Elkin Mathews. It will be just the size and shape of an ordinary French novel, will contain something over three hundred pages, and is expected to sell at five shillings. The art editor is supposed to be Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. It is also generally supposed that the editor-in-chief will be, not an Englishman, but an American, and probably Mr. Henry Harland (Sydney Luska).

—The wide class of readers who take an interest in travel and exploration will find in "Around the World" a remarkably well edited and finely illustrated monthly magazine devoted to such topics. It follows in many points the example set by the French "Au Tour du Monde," and by some of the best German magazines. The process pictures and color-printing of "Around the World" are quite out of the common. It is edited by Professor Angelo Heilprin; and to say this is to say that it represents accurate scholarship and thorough knowledge of recent scientific work. (Contemporary Publishing Company, Philadelphia.)

[For list of Books Received see page 428]

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The Tuskegee Negro Conference

From a Special Correspondent

The third annual session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference took place on Wednesday, February 21. All night long the rain had fallen in torrents. Every "branch" and creek was filled to its banks; roads were submerged, and the mud everywhere was unspeakably deep. It did not seem possible that the farmers from the surrounding country could come. But long before daylight they began to arrive, and by ten o'clock, when the meeting was called to order, they were there; not all of the eight hundred who were present last year, but by scores and scores they came in, some in large farm-wagons, some in comical little gigs, some on horses and mules. One man started at one in the morning and drove twenty-seven miles in the drenching rain. Another drove more than fifty miles. By three o'clock in the morning he reached a stream too deep to ford, and he sat patiently in the rain till daylight waiting for the waters to go down. Then, as the rain abated somewhat, he forded the stream and came patiently onward.

It goes without saying that men who take so much trouble to attend a conference of this kind are deeply interested in what is going on, and it is just as true that the men themselves were interesting. They filled the chapel, where for five hours a brisk discussion of practical methods and measures went on, guided by the President, Mr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of the Tuskegee Industrial School. Mr. Washington made an excellent presiding officer, cutting short with much tact the unpracticed speakers who did not know how to wind up their remarks, holding all to the point under discussion, and with courtesy and good humor guiding the meeting to an excellent conclusion.

A committee on "Declarations" was elected, and when these were presented they were discussed in detail, and afterward unanimously adopted as expressing the views of the men present.

There was but one voice as to the value of these conferences. Indeed, the good claimed to have been accomplished by them would have seemed exaggerated had not facts been given to substantiate these claims. The local gatherings of a similar kind held by Mr. Washington in various neighborhoods during the year have undoubtedly kept the people up to their good intentions, and have helped to make permanent the effects of the larger conferences.

As might naturally be supposed, the farmers who had taken so much pains to get here were among those who had been most successful. The stories of their lives, as they incidentally came up, were most instructive. One, for instance, took, as he said, the words from the Bible, "If you will get a will, I will provide a way," for his life motto; and, exercising his own will, he had trusted in the Lord to keep His word and provide the way, and He had never failed. Born a slave, still unable to read and write, this man has reached a hale and hearty old age to find himself the owner of a good farm, well stocked and tilled, of a comfortable home of his own, a stockholder in the bank, and a man respected and trusted throughout the community. Another, a tall, handsome man of thirty-one, who now pays taxes on five thousand dollars' worth of property, began life a fatherless lad without care or training. He married at twenty-one without a penny or a possession, and his wife had only one quilt for her wedding portion. By their joint industry and frugality they are now beyond want.

As illustrating the effect of these conferences, one Hezekiah Short told the following story: "Thirteen months ago I had no land. I came here to this conference, and I made up my mind that I would have a home. To-day I have a good home on three hundred and twenty acres of land, and I am moving on finely. I have no mortgages. What we want for our race is *homes, homes, homes!* I have set out for a home for me and all my children. I have made during the last year enough to pay $32 every month on my land. I would start with the first day of every month and lay by my dollar, and by the last day of the month have had the whole ready. I paid ten dollars an acre for my land. I own four mules and six cows." Some one asked him how he earned the $32 a month, to which he replied: "Some days I sell five or six gallons of milk, some days six or eight pounds of butter, some days a lot of eggs, some days a load of wood, some days ten cents' worth of greens, five cents' worth of cucumbers, ten cents' worth of squashes, etc., etc."

These instances show what industry and frugality can do for the black man as well as for the white. The frankest statements were made by various speakers, and several times the people were asked to stand in response to questions. Once it was to show how many had money in the bank. About a dozen rose in answer to this. One man said he kept his money under "de do'step." Another said he had room in his pocket for all he ever saw. One of the best speeches was made by the colored President of a bank in Birmingham.

When asked to rise if they spent at least a dollar a year for tobacco, one man replied that he had never spent a dollar in his whole life for it, that he did not use it. One speaker asked all those who had been true to their marriage vows to stand. There was an awkward pause, and then a number rose, while others remained seated.

The facts elicited about schools, or rather the lack of them, the absence of school-houses, and the woeful effects of the mortgage system, were extremely interesting. From first to last there was no allusion to politics or to voting. No one complained of any oppression except that which invariably comes through the mortgage system. There was no fault-finding with the white race, though fault enough might be found, every one knows. When the subject of emigration came up, some of the younger, more restless spirits were ready to go to Africa at a moment's notice if a way could be found, but the older, more settled men were quite content to stay in Alabama. The declarations adopted give a very good synopsis of the results of the discussions and statements. They are encouraging to blacks and whites alike. They are as follows:

We believe education, property, and practical religion will eventually give us every right and privilege enjoyed by other citizens, and, therefore, that our interests can best be served by bending all our energies to securing them, rather than by dwelling on the past, or by fault-finding and complaining. We desire to make the Tuskegee Negro Conference a gauge of our progress, from year to year, in these things, in the Black Belt.

First. With regard to education, it is still true that the average length of the country school is about three and a half months; there is either no school-house or a very poor one, and the teacher, as a rule, is but little prepared for his work. We would suggest, as remedies, the raising of money by subscription, to lengthen the school term and to provide more and better school-houses. We would also urge upon our schools and colleges for the training of leaders, the importance of sending more of their best men and women to the smaller towns and country districts.

Second. As regards property, we find that four-fifths of our farmers still practice the habit of mortgaging their unplanted crops for the supplies furnished them, live on rented lands, are in debt, and two-thirds live in one-room cabins. As remedies, we recommend the immediate purchase of land; its thorough cultivation; the raising of sufficient food supplies for home use; that we avoid the emigration agent; keep out of the cities; pay our taxes promptly; stop moving from farm to farm every year; work winters as well as summers, Saturdays as well as other days; practice every form of economy, and especially avoid the expensive and injurious habit of using liquor, tobacco, and snuff; and since our interests are one with the white people among whom we live, we would urge the cultivation, in every manly way, of friendship and good will towards them.

Third. While in morals and religion we are far from what we ought to be, we yet note, each year, real improvement. To help us in this direction we urge a better preparation for the Christian ministry; the settlement of more of our differences outside of the courts; that we draw sharp lines between the virtuous and the immoral; that we refuse to tolerate wrong-doing in our leaders, especially in our ministers and teachers; that we treat our women with more respect, and urge upon them the importance of giving more time to their home life, and less to the streets and public places.

In conclusion, the facts gathered from these three Conferences warrant us in saying that each year education is increasing, more and more property is being acquired, and, gradually, religion is becoming less a thing of the emotions and more a matter of upright living. We are glad to note a growing interest on the part of the best white people of the South in our progress.

The second day of the Negro Conference was devoted to a discussion by the workers in the schools. A large number of educational institutions were represented by their principals or teachers, the number of whose pupils would aggregate more than fifty thousand young men and women. Different methods were rehearsed, and accounts of the various schools were given.

The greatest harmony prevailed throughout. It was decided that one of the most important things to be done was to keep in close touch with the graduates. Interesting accounts of the substantial work accomplished by these graduates were given, and all were encouraged to further self-sacrifice and devotion.

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—Dr. Antonin Dvorák has signified his willingness to remain with us another two years. One cause of his cheerful resignation may be found in an income of $15,000 from the National Conservatory of Music.

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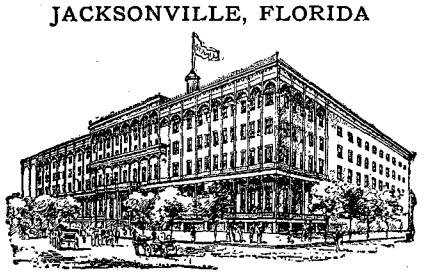

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A lady had just lost her husband. A gentleman, living next door, on calling to see her, found her, to his great surprise, playing on the harp, and said: "Dear me! I expected to find you in deep distress." "Ah," the lady pathetically replied, "you should have seen me yesterday."—*L'Arlequin.*

The average newspaper reader must be about as clear in his notions concerning who is ahead in the Brazilian quarrel as the old lady was about the way to test eggs for soundness. "All you have to do," said she, "is to put the egg in the water, and, if it is good, it will either sink or swim—I forget which."—*Springfield Republican.*

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Correspondence

Boston Bimetallism[1]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a paragraph favorably noticing the organization recently formed in Boston for the promotion of international bimetallism, The Outlook for February 17 expresses the view that "were it an immediate question whether the mints of three or four great nations should be open to the free coinage of fifty cents' worth of bullion into legal-tender dollars, they [some members of the organization] would probably shrink from it and accept the opinion that it was dishonest inflation." This statement conveys an entirely erroneous impression, implying that part of the gentlemen leagued to promote international bimetallism would deprecate the immediate adoption of that system. No sentiment of such tenor has been expressed in any meeting of those gentlemen, nor has one of them even suggested the necessity or the propriety of a change in the ratio between the metals when the nations begin again the free coinage of silver. All those gentlemen well know that were a bimetallic league formed containing England and the United States the bullion in a silver dollar would be worth much more than fifty cents before a single silver coin could be struck. Nor, phenomenally low as the gold price of silver is, would there be any danger that inflation would follow international free coinage, provided Great Britain were a party to this. Outside the Treasury of the United States no large stock of silver bullion exists anywhere. Were international free coinage to begin to-morrow, most of the silver demanded would have to be first mined and then coined before it could become part of the effective circulation. And when the full force of the new régime had come into play in the working of mines and mints, the sole effect that silver would exert on prices would be, I believe, to prevent them from falling any further. No one who has carefully examined the question longer fears a "flood" of silver. This metal, like gold, is under the stern law of diminishing return. My own belief is that, while the international free coinage of silver, along with the new supplies of gold now coming in sight, would sustain prices at about their present level for a very long time to come—perhaps a century—the total gold and silver of the world both together will ultimately be unable to do this.

That silver could be freely coined by several nations without a rise in prices seems incredible only to those who do not allow for the immense spur and enlargement to industry which an arrest of the fall in prices would bring. Let prices cease to fall, let investments in enterprises for producing wealth again become safe, as before 1890, let the stockholder again have a chance to make something as well as the bondholder, let the loaning of European and United States capital in China, Japan, India, and Mexico cease to be a form of gambling, as the destruction of the par of exchange with those countries has made it, and the world will enter upon a period of business prosperity such as has never yet occurred. So vast an expansion of business will be involved in this that the utmost amount of money which the coinage of both the precious metals can afford will be too small rather than too large.

While criticising in this way the above incidental statement, I beg to thank The Outlook for its lucid, truthful, and informing treatment of the silver question in general.

E. Benjamin Andrews.

Brown University, February 19, 1894.

[1] See editorial comment in The Week.

About People

—Mr. Arthur James Balfour, the leader of the Tories in the House of Commons, occupies his spare time with hypnotic and other psychical investigations.

—Prince Esterhazy, the supposed richest man in Austria-Hungary, has just died. Prodigal extravagance had reduced his father's landed possessions from ninety-three to but thirty-five square miles, and hence poor Prince Nicholas had an annual income of only a hundred thousand dollars.

—The Georgia Society of the Sons of the Revolution is soliciting subscriptions for a monument to General James Edward Oglethorpe, the founder and first Governor of the State of Georgia.

—The famous African explorer, Mr. F. C. Selous, has shot more than twenty lions and at least one hundred elephants. Of the flesh of the first animal he says: "Lion pie is almost as good as veal pasty, and quite as white."

—"Hello, Governor!" spoken with a loud voice in the United States Senate Chamber attracts, it is said, the immediate attention of Messrs. Hill, Hawley, Harris, Colquitt, Gordon, Bate, Perkins, Proctor, Shoup, Vance, and Coke.

—Mr. Robert P. Porter, who has been widely known as Superintendent of the United States Census, has retired from the editorship of the New York "Press," and is now Comptroller of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

—That once well-known writer of melodramatic novels, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, has just passed her seventy-fourth birthday. Her residence is on the heights of West Washington, which commands a view of the Virginia hills, the scene of many of her stories.

—The coveted Schiller prize, awarded every three years to the best poetic work appearing in that time, was recently conferred by a commission of the most eminent critics of Germany upon Ludwig Fulda, whereupon William II. was graciously pleased instantly to veto the commission's vote. That mature ruler decidedly disapproves of the dramatic fairy-tale, "Der Talisman," and has thus done it the most effective bit of advertising which it could possibly have received. The plot of the play is based upon that tale of Andersen's concerning the imaginary garment which can be seen only by the wise and good. A puppet king makes a great stir with his wonderful robe, until of a sudden a child's voice is heard: "Why, the King hasn't got anything on!" The treatment is in rhymed verse, but it seems that Fulda's exquisite art does not sufficiently hide his political invective.

A New Cooking School

has been started, which, recognizing the importance of having plenty of milk on hand for cooking purposes, has found its requirements fully met by Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, prepared by New York Condensed Milk Co. It highly indorses it.

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Mark Twain's Latest

On Washington's Birthday, New Bedford's great adjunct, the town of Fairhaven, Mass., dedicated the third and by far the most costly and elaborate edifice given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Rogers, who have now spent a million dollars on a school building, library, and town hall for this fortunate community. The great feature of the formal presentation to the civic corporation was a speech by Mark Twain, who said in part:

"By a thoughtful and judicious allotment of the privileges of this occasion, each speaker has been appointed to the function best suited to his capacity, his character, and his credit in the community. Chief of all the speakers, and the most eloquent, stands the building itself. It is its easy office to declare to you the love of its builder for the town which was her birthplace and the home of her girlhood. It may be trusted to say its say well, and be understood, and be applauded from the heart; and to occupy the platform longer than anybody else, and make the only speech that will be printed right in the papers. Yes, it is the only speaker of us all, gifted and popular as we try to let on to be, that can dare to stand up here and undertake to hold your unfatigued attention for a hundred years. Why, we couldn't do it for forty!

'We all recognize the value of this building as an example and a suggestion—a suggestion to any who are moved by love for their fellowmen to make gifts to them of hospitals, or town halls, or libraries, to build these things while they are alive, not wait till they are dead. If you do it while you are alive, it is really done, and well done; but if you wait till you are dead, there is but a barren result and a divided profit; you get credit for the intention, and the lawyers get the money. The stomachs of the lawyers of this land are distended to utter discomfort with the eleemosynary architecture that they have swallowed. In all this world there is no joy like to the joy a lawyer feels when he sees a good-hearted, inconsiderate person erecting a free library, or a town hall, or a hospital in his will. He smiles the smile that only he knows how to smile, and goes into training for the anaconda act. Perhaps no one has ever known a dead man to try to do even the least little simple thing without making a botch of it. The truth is, a dead man ought to lie still, and keep quiet, and try to behave. But you can't teach him that; you can't teach him any useful thing. Everything about him is perishable but one thing, and that is his inability to accept the fact that circumstances over which he has no control have limited his activities.

"And first and last and all the time it is impossible to make him understand that there is nothing very large or fine or generous in spending his own money on himself and building hospitals with his children's cash. Why, some people do seem to get duller and duller the deader they get. Oh, well, perhaps it's no matter; it is the way they are made. Probably the mistake was in making them at all. I mean, if it was a mistake I am no judge of that, but I wouldn't leave it to them.

"It was a pleasant and patriotic thought to dedicate this building and confirm this grace to Fairhaven on the natal day of Washington—George Washington, first of Americans; George Washington, the father of his country; George Washington, the father of those who cannot lie. The family has dwindled a good deal. But I am left yet, and when I look back over the waste of years and call up the faces of the others, and know that I shall see them no more in this life, and that I must remain now solitary and forlornly conspicuous to the last, the sole remnant of that old noble stock, it makes me feel sad, and—and—oh, so lonesome!

. . . . . .

"In the distribution of the privileges of this platform I was appointed to temper the glare of the gay and thoughtless oratory of these others with the wholesome shadow of a few words of sober advice, for there is a time for such things, and it is meet that we recognize this truth and rest our spirits with intervals of seriousness and solemnity. And so, my advice to you—yes, more, my supplication—is that you live as Washington lived, live as I have lived, and build your gift halls and hospitals while you still live and can build your heart as well as your money into your gift."

An English Story-Teller and His Work

"Q."—namely, Mr. Quiller-Couch—lives in the queer old town of Fowey, near Plymouth, on the Cornish coast, and rarely comes up to London, for, though well built and stroke of his Trinity eight when at Oxford, he has no use for the more nervous life of cities. As Mr. Raymond Blathwayt says, "he gives one the idea of being a country gentleman at his ease, more at home on the moor or the river than as a dweller in cities and a wielder of the pen of so ready a writer." The novelist himself says, "My calling ties me to no office stool, makes me no man's slave, compels me to no action that my soul condemns. It sets me free from town life, which I loathe, and allows me to breathe clean air, to exercise limbs as well as brain, to tread good turf, and wake up every morning to the sound and smell of the sea, and that wide prospect which to my eyes is the dearest on earth. All happiness must be purchased with a price, though people seldom recognize this; and part of the price is that, living thus, a man can never amass a fortune. But as it is extremely unlikely that I could have done this in any other pursuit, I may claim that I have the better of the bargain." He was not distinguished at Oxford for physical prowess alone. A scholar of Trinity, he took first in Moderations, and afterwards became a college lecturer in Classics. His desire to tell a story was aroused by reading Stevenson's "Treasure Island." He was then but nineteen. His peculiar gift of pathos in description won him quick recognition when he gave "Dead Man's Rock" and "Noughts and Crosses" to the world, a gift quite as apparent in his new book, "The Delectable Duchy," which deals exclusively with the scenes, customs, and traditions of Cornwall.

—At a recent meeting of the graduates of Miss Brown's school, New York City, the foundation by them of an Ella Weed scholarship at Barnard College was decided upon.

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